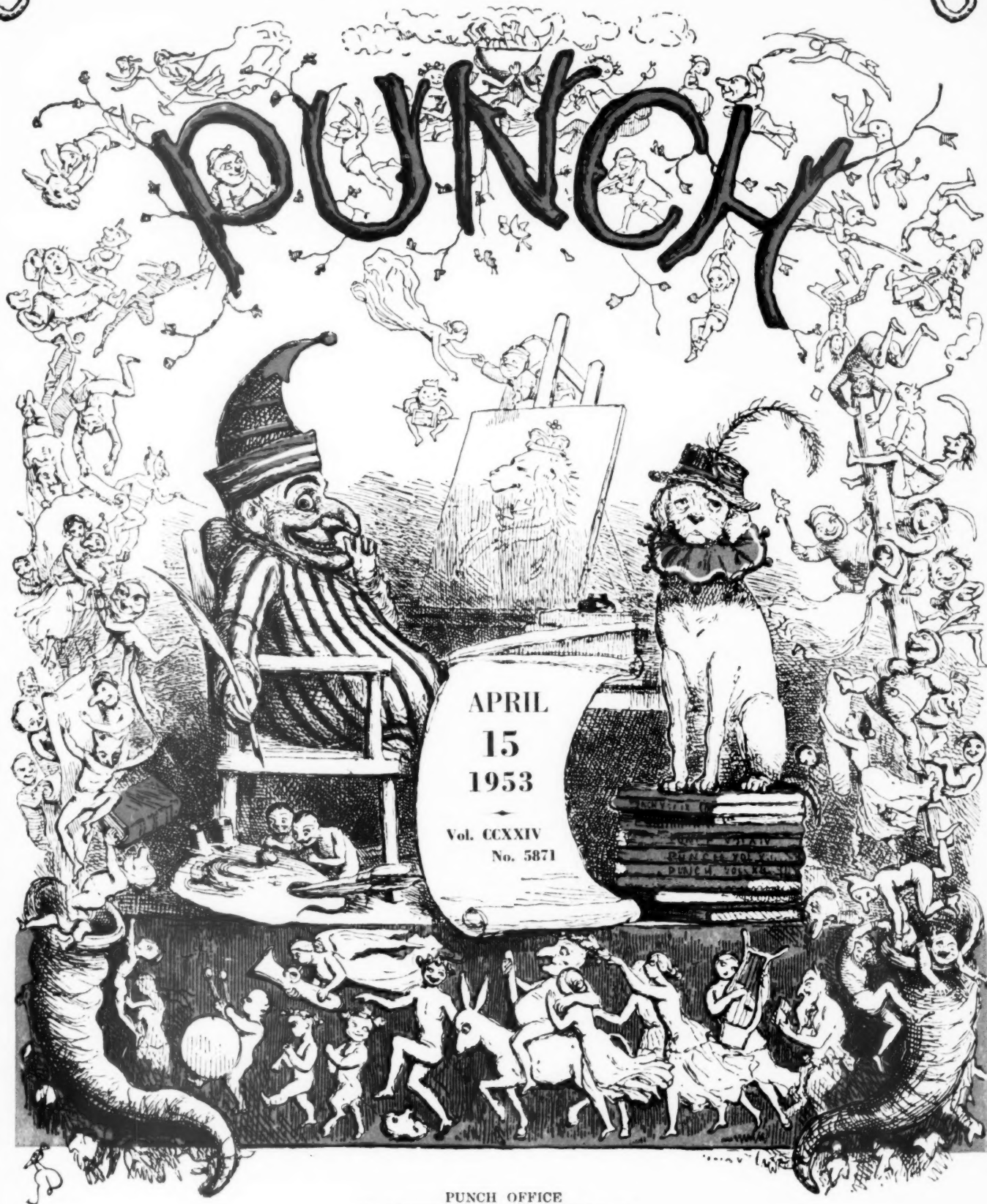


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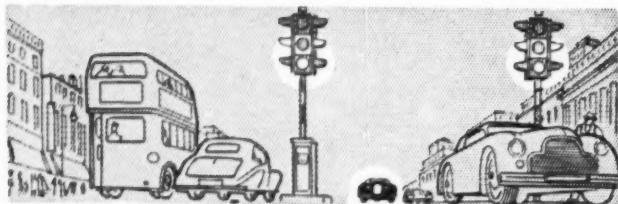
PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15 1953

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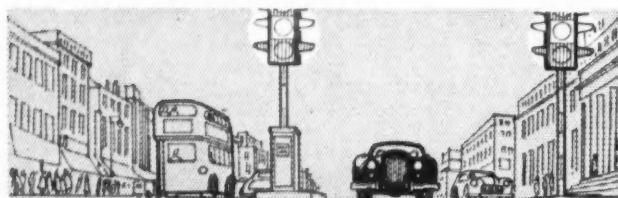
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1953

Vol. CCXXIV
No. 5871

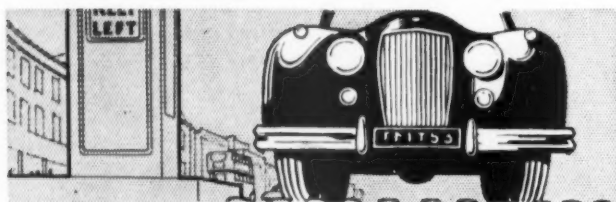
PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



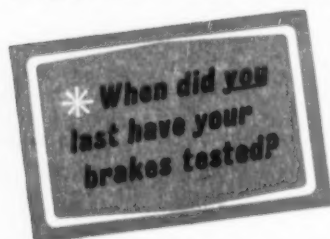
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WITH FERODO THE ANTI-FADE BRAKE LININGS



Brake drums are rather like people—they're apt to get rather hot and bothered. And a brake drum at 300° centigrade is quite hot enough to be bothered about . . . especially when a brake lining continues to be pressed against it with some force! With the searing heat of a brake drum as partner, linings sometimes will fade or lose efficiency. Ferodo Limited believe in research and testing and then more research and more testing, which is why Ferodo anti-fade brake linings will give you safer, smoother, more reliable braking under the trying conditions of modern motoring. Your guarantee that genuine Ferodo anti-fade linings have been fitted is the orange and black label which the garage will attach to your steering wheel after a re-line.



Brakes become inefficient so gradually that you may not be aware of it. Why not have them checked at a local garage displaying this sign? When a re-line is necessary—insist on

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BRAKE LININGS

FERODO LTD · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation

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for the
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CLEAN
smart look



Brylcreem is different because it's emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness: because it's not greasy, not messy. Brylcreem grooms your hair the healthy way, gives that *clean*, smart look which goes hand in hand with success. Brylcreem your hair and see the difference. Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing, comes in tubs, 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

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Oh, Mummy, look at Roger!
He's wolfed all the

MONK & GLASS Custard

Such delicious custard!

Monk & Glass fairly melts in your mouth. Smooth, golden, luscious—it *never* varies. Make some today and give your family a delightful surprise.



*For a very
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Someone very dear to you has reached another of life's important milestones. It is an event in your life too and, rightly, you feel a tinge of pride. She is worthy of the very best and she shall have it—the finest English bone china by Royal Standard

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all wool WITNEY BLANKETS

—Give the best

As a gift, Earlywarm Blankets reflect the good taste of all concerned. Famous through fifteen reigns, in this Coronation Year 1953 they are *still* the finest Blankets you can buy. Generations of skilled craftsmen have brought the art of blanket weaving to perfection. Made of softest, pure wool, light and fleecy to the touch, they are wonderfully warm, moth-resisting, odourless and colourfast against sunlight and washing. Choose them in white, striped or pastel shades, with whipped ends or ribbon binding. Earlywarm make a *lasting* impression, for their superb quality ensures a lifetime of fine service.

EARLYWARM Cleaning and Refinishing Service.
The ideal way to preserve the warmth and beauty of your blankets.

EARLYWARM

all wool
WITNEY BLANKETS



* Chosen and cherished since
1669 in the days of Charles II

An EARLY product from Witney, Oxfordshire

Radiation Rhapsody

I heard about it...

"My dear, you make me green with envy. We ought to have changed our cooker years ago."



I hankered after it..

"Lovely meals, lashings of hot water, open-fire comfort—and all for about 1/- a day! I'll tackle Dick about it to-night."

I hinted at it...

"You see, dear, our old cooker simply eats fuel. It really would pay us to have an up-to-date model. Now, I know the very one—it uses less fuel than our sitting-room fire!"



We're thrilled with it!



V Approved by the
Ministry of Fuel & Power

Radiation
SOLID FUEL COOKERS AND HEATERS
to solve your fuel problem

Particulars of all Radiation models and names of your nearest stockists from: Radiation Group Sales Ltd. Leeds 12. (Dept. PYL)

This is the Radiation model we chose—
the YORKSEAL

A good-looking, easy-to-manage cooker incorporating an open-and-close fire that burns economically day and night on any domestic solid fuel and provides constant hot water. Simple control switch for obedient oven heat and open-fire burning. Labour-saving LEXOS porcelain enamel finish inside and out.



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THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY

in any home



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SQUASH—*



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Robinson's

ORANGE OR LEMON

Whether you want a Squash for a long drink or to mix with a short one, ask for ROBINSON'S. It's concentrated, so it goes a long way and its full flavour stays with it. It's made from Oranges or Lemons. Which you like best is a matter of taste, but most people ask for the Orange. Why not try some and see?



Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

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Hairdresser?



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The Freedom Wave . . .

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kindest to your hair

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For this year
of elegance



To meet the challenge of
this wonderful year,
well-dressed women will make
a point of having something
really exquisite in the way of
stockings, however hard they are to
come by. For sheer beauty to match
this year of elegance, what could
be more fitting than Aristoc?



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



Our carpets
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sound
proposal

It's love at first sight with a BMK! These carpets suit you down to the ground. They're springy—the wool comes from Scotch Blackfaced sheep, and is blended with other fine wools.

They're tough—Kilmarnock knows how to weave a carpet. Whatever suits you best—Axminster, Wilton, Chenille, plain or patterned—BMK can oblige. So look for that BMK label!

Mothproof for-ever! All BMK carpets and rugs are made permanently mothproof. Even dry-cleaning, washing and wear-and-tear won't affect the mothproofing.



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Supreme triumph of bedding craftsmanship—pocketed spring interior mattress and cane-edge sprung divan covered with a special Coronation damask in Royal Blue, Maroon or Gold.

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3ft. **£37-10-0**

Headboard extra,
to match or to choice



P-K 728
LYNTON
from
£15.10.0
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I used to think my dog was the complete expert in the art of relaxation. But I'm convinced that if the roof fell in or a circus paraded along the road he'd be up in a flash. Catch me moving from my Parker-Knoll unless it's something really out of the ordinary... like fresh salmon for dinner!

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Settee to match
P-K 727 LYNMOUTH
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CVS-66



All through the night...

The famous Bratt Colbran "Heaped" Fire has now been re-designed to burn continuously for 10 to 12 hours on any solid fuel. At the same time the character and appearance of the traditional "Heaped" Fire have been retained. A distinctive feature of the continuous burning model is the forward projecting front. This increases radiant efficiency and gives a good view of the fire even when little fuel is being used. Rate of burning is easily and accurately controlled and when closed down for overnight burning, fuel consumption is as little as $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per hour. Gas ignition is optional.

If you already have a "Heaped" Fire, your local builder can quickly convert it for overnight burning by fitting this new pattern grate, at present available in 16", 18" and 21" sizes.

Write for the illustrated leaflet.

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* Put yourself among the many famous sportsmen who always wear and recommend Grenfell. Ever since it was designed for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, Grenfell Cloth has been chosen by great explorers and great sportsmen because it combines maximum protection with minimum weight.



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IN THE LIGHTEST AND YOUNGEST OF THE PRECIOUS METALS *Palladium*

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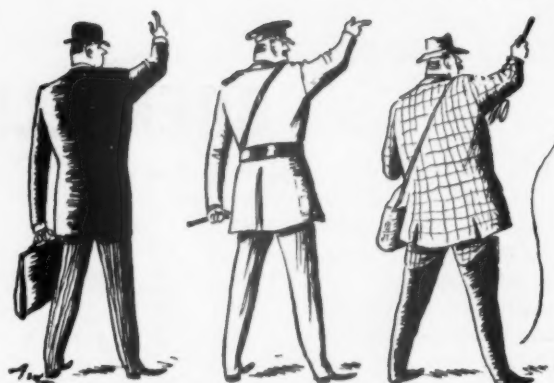
A temptation to be resisted

I see and approve better things, but I follow worse.' Many intelligent men and women who approve the worthiness, the humane tradition, of the Manchester Guardian, themselves read a 'popular' newspaper.

The temptation to read some brisk and breezy newspaper, more interested in millions than in milleniums, is a natural one. But those who change to the Manchester Guardian—and their number is growing—soon come to prefer it above all others.

There is a warmth about the Manchester Guardian which delights the new reader. By avoiding the two extremes, gutter or pulpit, the Manchester Guardian has endeared itself to many generations of decent people. If you will turn to the Manchester Guardian, you will soon know that it is a turn for the better.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.



Three gentlemen with a secret

There's a special art about being a Briton. To do it well, you have to know how to live in these Islands and survive the cold, damp winter. Our three gentlemen have found the answer. They sport Braemar underwear.

The first gentleman hails from the City. He knows that Braemar, though expensive, is a sound investment. His tailor, incidentally, advises Braemar, as it fits neatly beneath his suits. The second gentleman has spent most of his life in warmer climates and wears Braemar to keep alive in winter. His doctor tells him that Braemar is the best thing for his joints. The third gentleman likes the flight of a bird and the rise of a trout. He has found that only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north

wind blows. Their strategic 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemars, underwear for men, all hand-finished and shrink resistant, are stocked by better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £3.17.6 a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are a very sound investment in the long run.



Hand-finished underwear for men

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The Exclusive
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Knitted Tops give
extra comfort
TO
Grip-Eezi
ALOT

SELF SUPPORTING SOCKS

The exclusive knitted top in Grip-Eezi socks is made possible by the long-lasting elasticity provided by Lastex yarn. The Lastex yarn supports the sock on the leg surely and comfortably and can be relied upon to last as long as the sock. Grip-Eezi socks are obtainable from good outfitters in a variety of styles to suit every taste.

MADE BY TOWLES LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH



Heads of State



and heads ahead

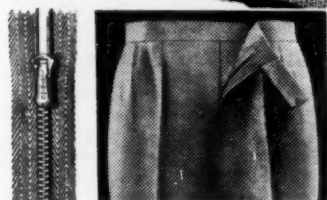
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Lincoln Bennett



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LIGHTNING zips*



Good tailors recommend and
fit 'Lightning' zips—the neatest and
most practical fastening for trousers.
See that your next pair of trousers
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LIGHTNING the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LTD., BIRMINGHAM
(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



L.F. 138

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seems inappropriate. "Sober", we consider, would be a
more fitting name.

Drescott produce some very fine sobers in a wide variety
of sizes at prices from five to eleven guineas. You'll know
them by the Drescott showcard in the window; but should
you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer,
please drop us a line and we will be
glad to give you his address.



An announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD
of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester



CV5-348

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are as close to you as the nearest pillar  box

**A NEW Selection
of Sherries
from the famous
Bristol Milk
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The modestly priced sherries in this new selection are perfect for everyday use, ranging from pale dry Fino to rich brown, and will prove the advantage of dealing with a firm of over 150 years' experience. May we suggest you send for the SAMPLE CASE containing:-

- 1 Bott. Club Amontillado, dry..... 19/-
- 1 Bott. Select Shooting, full golden.... 19/6
- 1 Bott. Fino, light pale dry..... 20/-
- 1 Bott. Falanda, superior rich golden 20/6
- 1 Bott. Old Fashioned Brown..... 20/6

Including carriage and packing 99/6

FREE We also include with our compliments a 1/4 bottle of our "Hunting Port," an example of a fine old Tawny Port which we offer at 22/- a bottle.

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Wine Merchants to the
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TO NEW ZEALAND

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THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

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for wherever you motor you'll find a
LOCAL GIRLING SERVICE AGENT
to keep your car

WAY OUT AHEAD

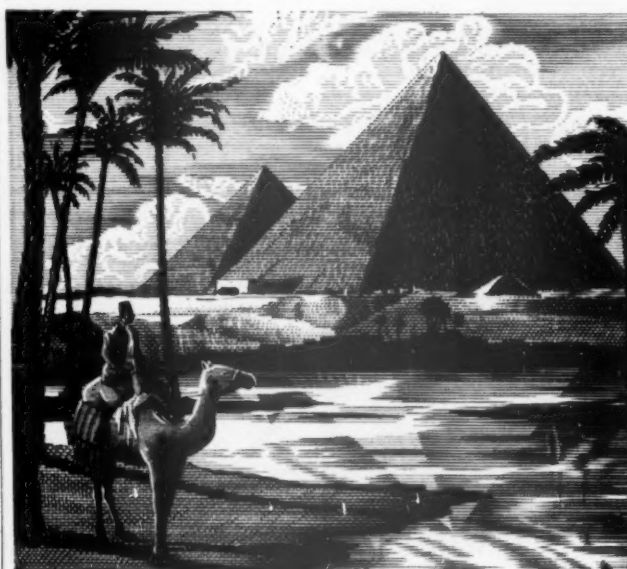
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BRAKE SHOES**

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Wonders of the World

THE largest was the Great Pyramid of Cheops built about 3,000 B.C. Nearly ten years were spent preparing the 12 acre site and 100,000 men were employed for twenty years constructing the immense tomb which when completed was originally 481 ft. high. The Wonders of the Modern

World will be chronicled by posterity and will reveal the indispensable contribution of steel tubes to these achievements.

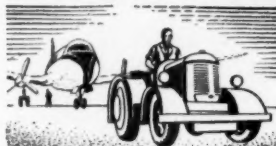
**WELLINGTON
TUBE WORKS LTD**

For Steel Tubes and Steel Tube Fabrication

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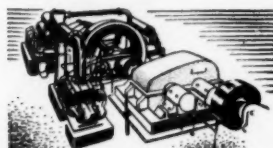
Described as "incredibly fast, incredibly safe, and incredibly reliable", the Aston Martins have earned an enviable reputation in international racing.



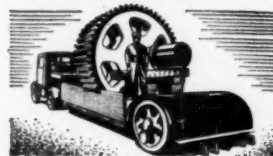
One of the many David Brown tractors used at Farnborough during the annual exhibition organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. It does the unspectacular but essential job of moving aircraft during ground maintenance.



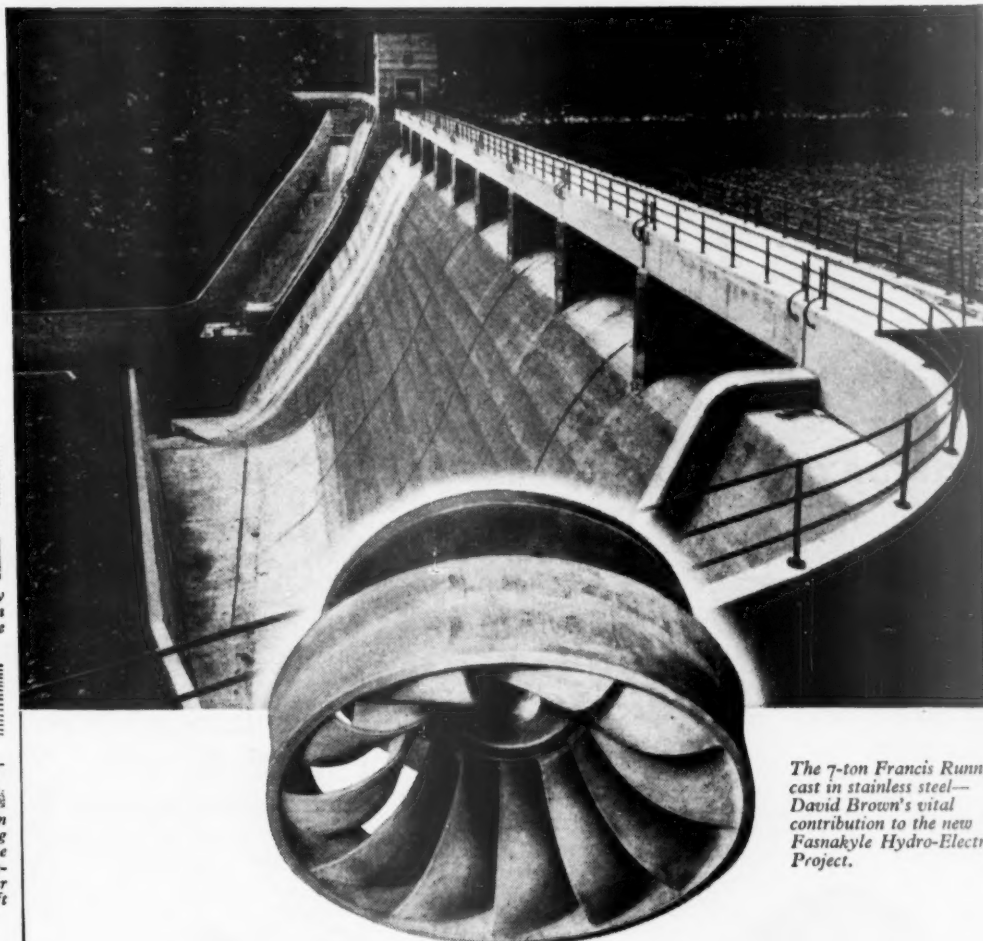
Britain's first twin-engine twin-rotor helicopter is the Bristol Type 173. The engine mountings, cast in high tensile steel, are typical of the range of complex castings which David Brown make for many of Britain's leading military and civil aircraft.



This David Brown gearbox, recently installed at St. Germans, Cornwall, is part of the largest land drainage pumping station in Britain.



Spur wheel and shaft, weighing 35 tons, made by David Brown for a large steel works in N.E. England. Complex work like this is undertaken by David Brown Companies for countries all over the world.



The 7-ton Francis Runner cast in stainless steel—David Brown's vital contribution to the new Fasnakyle Hydro-Electric Project.

HOW TO SAVE 150,000 TONS OF COAL A YEAR

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's new £8,000,000 project at Fasnakyle, Inverness-shire, is the second largest of its kind in Britain. It will supply annually another 230 million units of electricity... equivalent to mining 150,000 tons of coal. David Brown are proud to have contributed one of the most vital components of the powerful turbine plant—a huge casting of such complexity that only specialists in advanced foundry techniques could undertake it. Indeed,

The David Brown Foundries Company at Penistone is one of the few with the necessary experience and technical resources to produce this type of casting, which has to be capable of resisting widely varying conditions of corrosion. This is only one example of how the companies of The David Brown Organisation are applying their skill and experience as engineers, in the economic struggle to make Britain once again the world's leading industrial and trading nation.

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An alliance of engineering specialists in gearing, steel & bronze castings, automobiles, and agricultural tractors & machinery

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HOLIDAYS

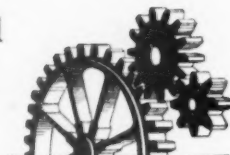


Orient Line
1953 CRUISES

First Class Cabins available May 23, June 13, June 20, July 11
ORIENT LINE, 14 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. Tel: TRA 7141 or AGENTS

... on NOT being a cog-in-a-wheel

Take, for instance, our training scheme for young men; the chief thing about it is that we have no scheme!



In a company like Doncasters, stamped with the character imparted by five generations of strong personal leadership, there are openings for young men who do not like the idea of being 'cogs'.

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If you do not want to be just a cog-in-a-wheel, think of what Doncasters can offer in the field of metallurgy and business. School Careers Masters, University Appointments Bureaux, and parents, too, may well ponder these matters.

DONCASTERS 
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FORGINGS · DROP FORGINGS · HARDENED STEEL ROLLS · HEAT TREATMENT

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and Wet!**

For shaving — the wetter the better. That is why Corvette contains a 'wetting agent' that makes water wetter. It does this by reducing its surface tension so that it penetrates to every separate hair of your stubble and clings closely to each bristle. You can use less Corvette and get more softening action. For a better shave use Corvette.

Lather or brushless cream, shaving stick, bowl, refills, after shave lotion, talc, 2/- to 5/6. Made by Goya (Men's Division), 161 New Bond St. W.1.

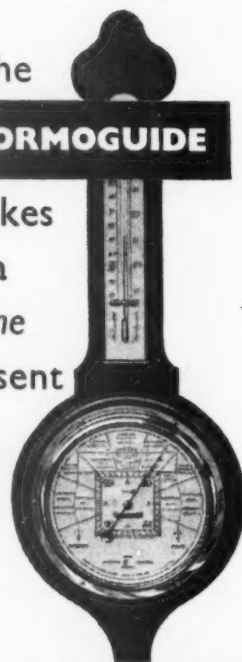
Corvette
shaves you better



This tobacco was originally blended and manufactured by us from an old recipe for the sole use of a Director of The Imperial Tobacco Co. It has of late years quietly circulated amongst a large number of discriminating smokers. No name or publicity was given by us to this tobacco, but a demand was created, entirely by the recommendations of its devoted who themselves have styled it Player's 'No Name' Tobacco.

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STORMOGUIDE

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fine
present



The 'Stormoguide' is more than just a barometer. Its specially marked dial enables future weather conditions to be determined with accuracy, at a glance. The 'Stormoguide' is made by Short & Mason Ltd., the famous precision instrument makers whose range of 20 different 'Stormoguides', and barometers, is on display now at your jewellers or opticians.

(PNN 81)

The **NEW**
'Clydella' REGD.
IN ELEVEN COLOURS
Gameshirt

Gives you a fine sense of outdoor freedom. Designed to be worn in any of half-a-dozen ways. Notice the pleated back, the generous yoke of the shoulders. For completely cool, unhampered movement. 32/6d.



There's nothing to equal
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IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'LIVELY' AND 'DAVEY'S'
WILLIAM BOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

Punch, April 15 1953

It is good to know that when Pel nesting chairs furnish a hall they will go on looking good—come plays, come whist drives, come dances, come lectures—for years and years again. They are comfortable to sit upon, and easy to stack away. The first cost is small and upkeep costs are negligible because they are so well made. Illustrated catalogue on request.

PEL tubular
steel nesting
chairs

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KING GEORGE VI

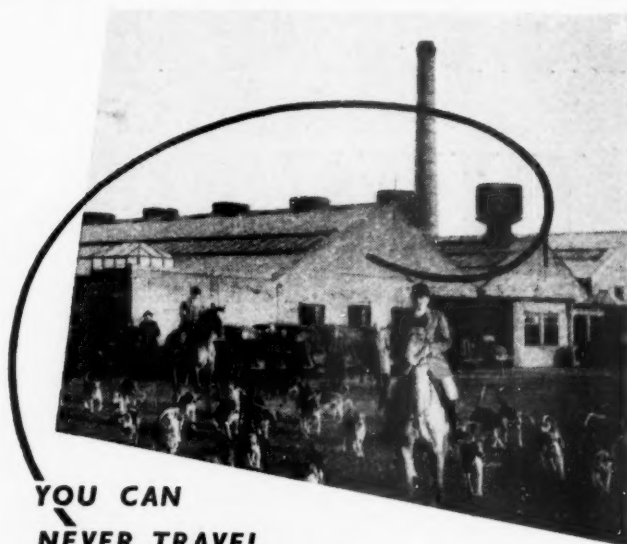


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Three Star (Dry Pale or Brown), 18/-
Aptiv (Extra Dry Pale), 19/-
Brown Bang (Full Golden Oloroso), 21/-
Royal Pemartin (Rich Pale Oloroso), 22/-

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and make certain!*



CHARIVARIA

BROUGHT up in the old, pre-Malenkov school of diplomacy, Russia's representatives in the capitalist countries are at present feeling bewildered by the softened tone of recent pronouncements from the Kremlin. It is understood that, as the exigencies of the service permit, Embassy staffs are being recalled to Moscow for a refresher course.



The rift in public opinion over the salaries of the judges has been widened still further by recent disclosures about the salaries of the comedians. Those already in favour of an increase are now pointing out the absurdity of expecting a mere £5,000-a-year man, in competition with a £900-a-week man, to achieve anything like a comparable standard of joke. Those who have always opposed the recommendation, on the other hand, say that relatively small advantage would accrue to the court-going public even if the judge's pay were raised to the level of the comedian's, since the pressure of cases nowadays would leave him no time to crown the drollery of his summing-up with the usual sentimental poem in rhyming couplets.

A London psychiatrist's recent warning to parents against telling their children that dirt means germs, dogs have fleas, and Tommy is a rude little boy, seems to demand a supreme effort of self-discipline from parents convinced that dirt does, dogs have and Tommy is.

With the abandonment of controls after twelve years the economic laws of supply and demand are making full impact on the nation's

egg resources, and to meet the many problems involved a new body has been created, the National Egg Marketing Organization. It is to be hoped that it will face up to its duties boldly and will not, when taken to task for some administrative slip, evade responsibility by hiding behind its initials.

Any More for the Swedish Exercises?

"... a surprise candidate as the next Secretary-General. The dark horse is ... a Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld (pronounced Hammershult) ..."

Manchester Guardian

"... That is Dag Hammarskjöld—pronounced like Hammarshuld ..."

Daily Mirror

"... Dr. Dag Hammarskjöld (pronounced Darg Hammarsheld) ..."

Daily Herald

"Thirteen letters make up a name. They spell Hammarskjöld. Who is he? ... The name, pronounced Hammarshold, means ..."

News Chronicle

Tobacco firms in the United States are hoping to convert women to cigar-smoking by marketing cigars of a special feminine elegance in shades of pink, blue and green. Cosmeticians, after emergency discussions, have decided that the provision of matching complexions can be left to Nature.

The work of removing the last of the tramlines in South London is reported to be going along briskly, and streets in the affected areas should be free of traffic obstacles in time for the Coronation rush. In the meantime the public is enjoying the novelty of a situation in which the stops move faster than the buses.





THE men in the Kremlin must read with considerable amusement the reactions of the Western Press to the new Soviet "Peace" campaign. Their heartiest laugh must have been reserved for the comments on the release of the "doctor-killers." In their eagerness to discover "sensational" new signs of Moscow's alleged "change of heart and mind" many Western commentators have gone so far as to announce the end of the era of Communist purges, trials and executions.

Yet the official Soviet communiqué on the doctors' release did not announce the end of the purges. On the contrary, it announced the beginning of a new purge, which looks like being more drastic and more widespread than the purge connected with the doctors' "conspiracy." There is, therefore, no change in the general party line on purges. There is only a change in the group, or category, of purgees: the purgers of

THE GENTLE ART OF PURGING

yesterday have become the purgees of to-day. For the time being, we are witnessing the purge of the purgers.

Purging the purgers is no new phenomenon in the Communist world. Stalin had mastered its technique to perfection, and Malenkov, far from discarding the Stalin heritage, appears to be a worthy disciple of the master.

But the purges of the purgers never stopped the purges themselves in either the satellites or Russia. The purgers are, at any time, a numerous lot, in all Communist States. The process of their liquidation takes many months. By the time they are finished, the turn comes for the new purgers to take their place as purgees, and so *ad infinitum*.

When purgers become purgees and purgees become purgers, some sympathy should be extended to the long-suffering Soviet editors, journalists and radio commentators. Certain of the outcome of the doctors' trial, they had, no doubt, prepared their editorials along the following lines:

Soviet working people, international progressive public opinion and freedom-loving mankind will greet with profound relief, unanimous approval and boundless joy, the correct and just sentences of death passed by the Supreme

Plenum of the Supreme Collegium of the Supreme Soviet People's Court on all members of the deviationist anti-State espionage centre of doctor-killers, unmasked as enemies of the people, foul murderers and assassins, who—according to their own voluntary and freely-made confessions—had . . .

Now, however, this passage will have to be discarded altogether. The new one will read:

Soviet working people, international progressive public opinion and freedom-loving mankind will greet with profound relief, unanimous approval and boundless joy, the correct and just sentences of death passed by the Supreme Plenum of the Supreme Collegium of the Supreme Soviet People's Court on all members of the deviationist anti-State espionage centre of former responsible officials in the former Ministry of State Security, unmasked as enemies of the people, foul murderers and assassins, who—according to their own voluntary and freely-made confessions—had . . .

The sudden change of purge categories, demanding, as it does, a different editorial approach and even a different literary style, can obviously cause great inconvenience to our Soviet brothers-in-pen.

No such difficulties will be encountered by the "Kept-by-the-Left" group of journalists and writers in this country. Their editorial comments on the doctors' trial would have read:

Taken by themselves, the executions announced by Moscow last week must be regretted. Nevertheless we should try to understand the point of view of the Soviet leaders. To portray them as cruel and ruthless men scrambling for power—as the U.S. State Department and the Tory press have done—is to misunderstand both the importance of the political issues at stake, as well as the very difficult conditions under which the Russian Communists are compelled to work in order to consolidate their impressive revolutionary achievements.

This editorial can now be used, unchanged, after the trial of those who arrested the doctors, or after the trial of those who arrested those who arrested the doctors, or . . . after the trial of the doctors themselves, in case they are re-arrested.

MICHAEL PADEV

PEACE-FEELER

STRANGE are the antennae of the State blindly groping its way towards Peace,

Stranger than the furry appendage of the moth or the sparse moustache of the cat.

From the massive carapace suddenly emerges news of a prisoner's release;

The guilty are found to be guiltless; unwonted courtesy is shown to a diplomat.

Gigantic are the convulsions which indicate that Caliban wishes to speak:

Traffic is allowed to pass unmolested through the agreed thoroughfare;

A railway is found to be in perfect working order which only last week

Was declared to be utterly unsafe, its track in urgent need of repair.

Alarming indeed are the symptoms which suggest that Leviathan is about to smile:

From the tall radio mast the expected abuse is no longer hurled;

A familiar jibe is missing from a magazine; a newspaper ceases to revile.

As frightening as Doomsday itself is the announcement which postpones the end of the world.

E. V. MILNER



“... much the smallest and slimmest of the pigeons or doves, with distinctive chestnut upper parts (giving it a superficial resemblance to the otherwise very different male kestrel) . . .”

Paris in the Spring

TO the visitor from England, it is at the same time exciting and upsetting to find that in Paris the year is advanced by at least three weeks. For although it is the greatest joy for him to discover, after a two hours' air flight, that winter is at last left behind, he knows it will be disappointing when he returns home to find his own garden and countryside so very "backward."

Within the few days of my recent visit, Paris was enjoying a spell of June-like weather: the trees in the Champs Elysées suddenly shed their confetti, the outer covering of the bud, and everywhere burst into small dotted leaves that gave a pointillistic impression of voluminous transparency to the vistas and avenues: the blossom of the fruit trees made punctuation marks of pink among the pale limpid green.

On Saturday and Sunday, the hot sunshine brought all the families out into the woods, and on the roads from Fontainebleau and Chantilly in the evenings there was a pageant

of people returning home laden with the wild daffodils that they had picked; daffodils in clumps were hanging like leis around their shoulders; huge bundles of daffodils hung from the handlebars of the bicycles, and some had even decorated the spokes, so that the yellow revolving catherine wheels gave the effect of a gala of wild flowers.

In the city the florists had arranged the cultivated daffodils to imitate pineapples, clumping the heads together in a solid cone, using their spiky leaves cleverly to form the topknot. The French are always adept at making artificial flowers and they cultivate hothouse flowers of such apparent rarity and delicacy that the sprays of lilac and fruit blossom in Lachaume and the other florists' shops whose names are scattered through the pages of Proust, they, too, have the effect of being artificial.

Paris seems exceptionally gay this springtime. Prices always go up, but this year there are fewer complaints. There seem to be no immediate troubles; members of

the Communist party happily fight among themselves, and although many walls were pasted with black-edged portraits of Stalin, many of these have been disfigured.

Dressmakers, as usual, moan that no one can afford to buy their fabulous creations and yet our chauffeur remarked, "That château over there has been bought by Monsieur Jacques Fath." Christian Dior had returned to his millhouse, having just furnished an enormous town apartment with the best Louis XVI furniture. All who have seen the country house of M. Castillo, the chief designer at Lanvin, come back in amazed admiration at the richness of its taste. Last week Monsieur de Givenchy bought an enormous equestrian portrait by Van Dyck.

Entertaining is done in a manner that makes our festivities seem rustic in comparison. There was talk of a circus fête, of costume parties, of a "Grand Meaulnes" party. On hearing the plans for the last project, the painter Balthus threw up his hands in horror and said, "Hands off my favourite book."

The theatre possesses great vitality and there are twenty plays that one would like to see, but it is difficult to get tickets at a few days' notice. The greatest success, *L'Heure Eblouissante*, gives a typically French and delightfully unrealistic picture of life in a small English country town in the time of Queen Victoria. Perhaps the most discussed play is Julian Green's *Sud*, with its daring theme. It did not, however, inspire the usual surprise in one white-haired American lady who piped up in a loud voice, "Why don't they kiss?" Roussin's *Helène, ou La Joie de Vivre*, a play of witty dialogue with most of the action taking place off stage, is about to be seen in London with Diana Wynyard suitably cast in the title rôle, and we are also to witness the ballets of Roland Petit, whose latest season presents four new ballets, which consist of a succession of clever tricks rather than inventive choreography, or true dancing. The performers, including the cinema star Colette Marchand and Petit himself, treat the audience to a





"I should think it's all right; there's nothing to say 'No Waiting.'"

couple of songs, and the *corps de ballet* break out volubly into American expletives. The evening is noteworthy only for the décors. Paris is buzzing with the success of Cazou's work for *Le Loup*, and not only has he designed richly beautiful costumes, but he has created the most realistic and yet enchantingly painted forest scene yet seen on the stage.

The French cinema is flourishing and we heard our friends say that at least three of the new films are masterpieces: Gérard Philippe's face is plastered all over the town, and his photographs eagerly bought by all the young English ladies who are being "finished off" in suitable seminaries. You see them, looking more than ever like the traditional English tourists, with their mothers striding in their low-heeled shoes with a desperate energy to save a taxi fare, on their way to dress shows where they will look, but alas cannot buy.

Spinsters from Canterbury or Colchester in homespun and hikers with knapsacks flock to the Orangerie

to see the collection of English landscapes "from Gainsborough to Turner"; but not only the English admire this beautiful exhibition organized by the British Council, for the French, who have always admired Turner, now have discovered Constable, Cotman and Samuel Palmer, and realize, and have admitted, that the English were the first to discover the effects of light, and were the inventors of Impressionism.

Occasionally I saw "Go Home U.S." chalked upon a wall, but the French seemed very friendly to the English, and identified themselves closely with our loss of Queen Mary. One couple explained that they had indeed gone to a *boîte* on the night after her death, but in due deference had not once got up to dance.

It comes as rather a surprise to find that a luxurious woman is an object to be admired, that people are not ashamed of talking about new settings for jewellery, plans for building follies and redecorating on a large scale. Quite a number are able, unashamedly, to air such topics

as relative positions in Society, and one can seriously discuss the subject of good food. Seldom, indeed, does one find a meal that is not a source of pride to the cook. A dish of scrambled eggs becomes a poem. Food is plentiful and treated with imagination.

At night, Les Halles present an extraordinary Gustav Doré picture, with street upon street of open windows brilliantly lit, like scenes on a stage with the butchers at work on the giant carcasses, and in the fruit and vegetable markets the innate æsthetic taste is evident in the arrangement of the artichokes and the first asparagus: even the watercress, so tightly packed in large circular wreaths, looks like some wonderful emerald green dish for the gods.

A trip to Paris in April makes one realize how serious existence in England has become, how gradually we are reconciled, even with a certain smugness, to our austerity. Yet how enjoyable it is suddenly to live in an atmosphere of frivolity again.

CECIL BEATON



"Haircut!"

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

A GOOD deal of publicity has recently been given to the case in which the owner of a house obtained £1,033 damages against the War Office for losses suffered between the requisitioning of his house in 1940 and its derequisitioning in 1951. This particular owner had, I suppose, some cause for complaint, but his experiences were nothing to mine.

I inherited the Moat House, Charnel Posset, from my great-uncle and it was requisitioned by the War Office in 1941 for the use of a senior American officer. Most of the furniture was removed and replaced by genuine antiques brought over from the States; but in the case of the Long Gallery, which contained my great-uncle's valuable collection of cameos, intaglios, imbrogios and other curios, it was agreed that the room should be sealed with my seal and restored intact on derequisitioning.

In 1942 the house was, without intimation to myself, taken over by another Department as a training

school for officers of the Special Services; and when I visited it in the autumn of that year, as under the agreement I was entitled to do, I was sandbagged on entering the grounds and thereafter subjected to an exhausting interrogation in the presence of some thirty officers (all wearing false beards) in the Orangery. I was then blindfolded and driven off in a fast car, being subsequently released in the Brighton Aquarium.

The next year the house was (again without reference to myself) taken over by the Home Office as an Open Establishment for juvenile delinquents; and although I was informed of this only on arriving at Posset Episcopi Station, five miles away, I was then warned that any nearer approach was impracticable without armed escort. I later heard that the juvenile delinquents had been transferred following repeated cases of arson in the east wing, and that the house was in use as a Rest Centre for Dispirited Central Europeans.

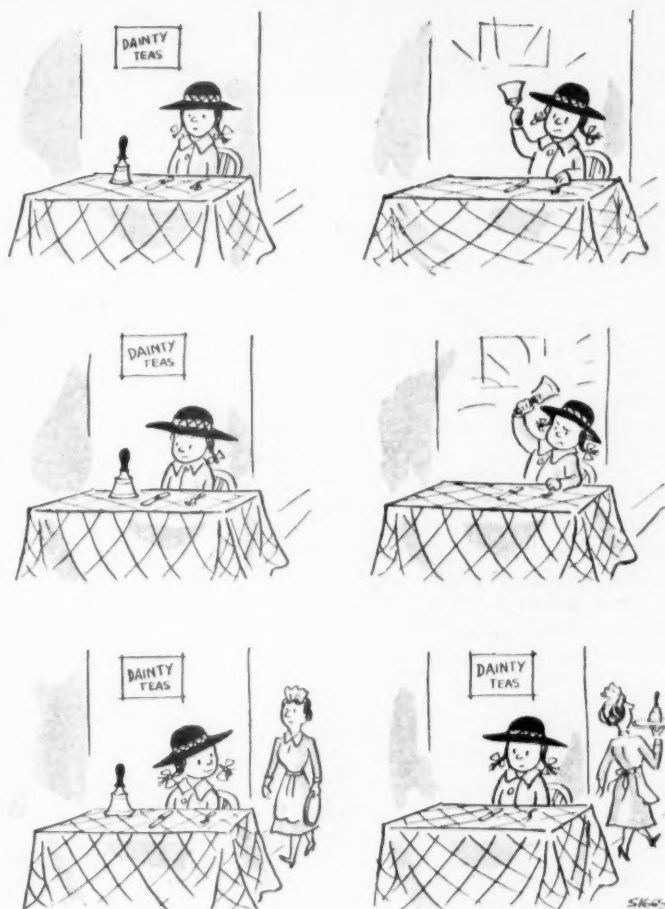
In 1944 I again received my bill for maintenance and repairs from the War Office, and, encouraged by this, decided to try one more visit under the terms of my agreement. This time I reached the house itself without challenge; but a hail of tracer bullets was then suddenly directed against the front windows from a concrete block-house in the Italian Garden, and I was forced to take cover behind an ornamental balustrade. The firing continued all the afternoon, and during this period men with blackened faces and a variety of weapons came and lay down beside me at intervals before running off in all directions pursued by tracer bullets. I myself withdrew under cover of darkness.

I eventually gained access in 1948 by dint of paying one-and-sixpence admission and disguising myself as a member of the public. The Ministry of Works was by then using the house as a zoo, and I found four baboons sleeping in the Long Gallery. The house was derequisitioned in 1951.

On my instituting my suit for damages for loss of intaglios, injury to curios, etc., the War Office raised a plea of *noli me tangere*, pleading in the alternative that the animals found sleeping in the Long Gallery were not baboons but raccoons, and that the amount of damages should be reduced *pari passu*. This I was sure was wrong—there could be no mistaking the tails—but the attitude of the Court was such that on counsel's advice I agreed to compromise on the basis of two of each, and was awarded damages of £634 18s. 4d. with no order as to costs. With this I had to be content.

The Moat House has many interesting features, including a scenic railway built by my great-grandfather on the course of the moat which once probably surrounded the house. This was, for a time, included in the Great Eastern system as a branch line, but was later, no doubt owing to its circular nature, closed for lack of business. I am hoping, in view of its associations, to attract the interest of the National Trust. I am putting my £634 towards the cost of a bungalow near Shanklin.

P. M. HUBBARD



COLOUR MATCHER

OTHER mnemonics I knew,
this one I cannot forget:
this one vibrates in my brain
like the note of a tuning-fork
singing: "Richard of York
gained battles in vain."

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue,
indigo, violet.

You see them flash from a mirror's bevelled edge
brighter or duller,
as you turn your head:
red through green to violet; violet through green
to red:
I spend my life learning about each shade of every
colour,
seeking to harmonize
the natural with the artificial dyes—
matching the aniline beauty out of a test-tube with the
flower under the hedge.

Yet—take this piece of cloth—

I seek not only
such obvious harmonies as dawn's cool, lonely
colours can show me, or the wing of a moth:
All day in the mill perhaps my eyes regard
four hundred shades of brown upon one card
ranging, row after row from left to right,
from what your eyes would swear was almost white
to what they would declare was almost black.
Mine have acquired the knack
of distinguishing between any two of them.
Therefore, as they have grown
accustomed to this subtlety of tone,
I seek the beauty hidden in the stone
of my West Riding town—
grey blending with green, and both of them with brown
more exquisitely than a flower with its stem.

What you call beauty may not seem so to me:
what you call ugliness—I cannot see. R. C. SCRIVEN

THE FINANCEPHALOGRAPH POSITION : *Serious Lag in Production*



HE machine may not be called a Financephalograph. We do not know its name. We only know that it exists, an automechonometrist, an economechanical brain, an engine of startling ingenuity which will tell at a glance the exact effect of a recession in sheet-music on, say, the Birmingham fancy-goods trade. It is held, virtually *incommunicado*, at the London School of Economics. But it should properly belong to the world.

In this, no reflection is intended on the London School, still less on Chicago's Roosevelt College, which (according to an article in the American magazine *Fortune*) owns the only other specimen in captivity. Institutions nurturing the new generation of economists may well feel jealous of their professional secrets. Yet there is a wider view: that the achievements of science are the heritage of all; that, bluntly, one financephalograph per nation is not enough.

Our point could scarcely be made more aptly than on this post-Budget morning. To-day the whole of Britain is talking finance. In the snack-bars, bus-depots and beauty-parlours controversy rages on such topics as internal disinflation and the depletion of stocks in the overseas pipeline; in many a morning cinema-queue the terms "fiscal policy" and "overall deficit" are on every lip; speculation is rife on the long-term repercussions of the Tomato and Cucumber Marketing Scheme.

And the sad thing is that none of them really know what they are talking about—while all the time, tucked away in Houghton Street, W.C.2, is a creature capable of clarifying the whole situation before the man in the street could say John Maynard Keynes.

The machine is taller than the man in the street, and wider and heavier and much, much cleverer. It is also less reticent about its inner feelings, which are, in fact, exposed in the frankest manner—a complex pattern of transparent tubes, of plungers, sluices, checks, balances, buttons, levers and pulleys, all combining to present an instantaneous picture of the nation's economy in its unending struggle with

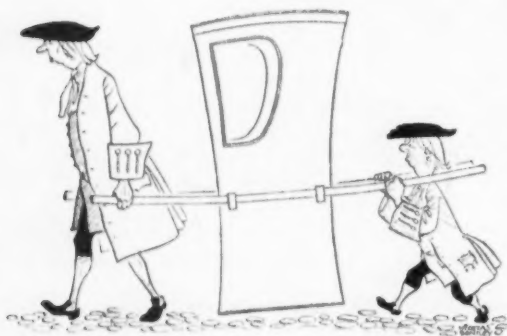
nationalized industry, defaulting taxpayers, the Colonial Development Corporation and a thousand other dangerous imponderables—not least the giddy vagaries of consumer behaviour. Using coloured water for money (a convenience denied the man in the street) it reacts obediently to every morsel of economic information communicated to it, and records, with its mechanical pens on its calibrated charts, the subtle impact of a slump in the second-hand ship market, the slightest hint of a boom in soap, emery-wheels or white fish.

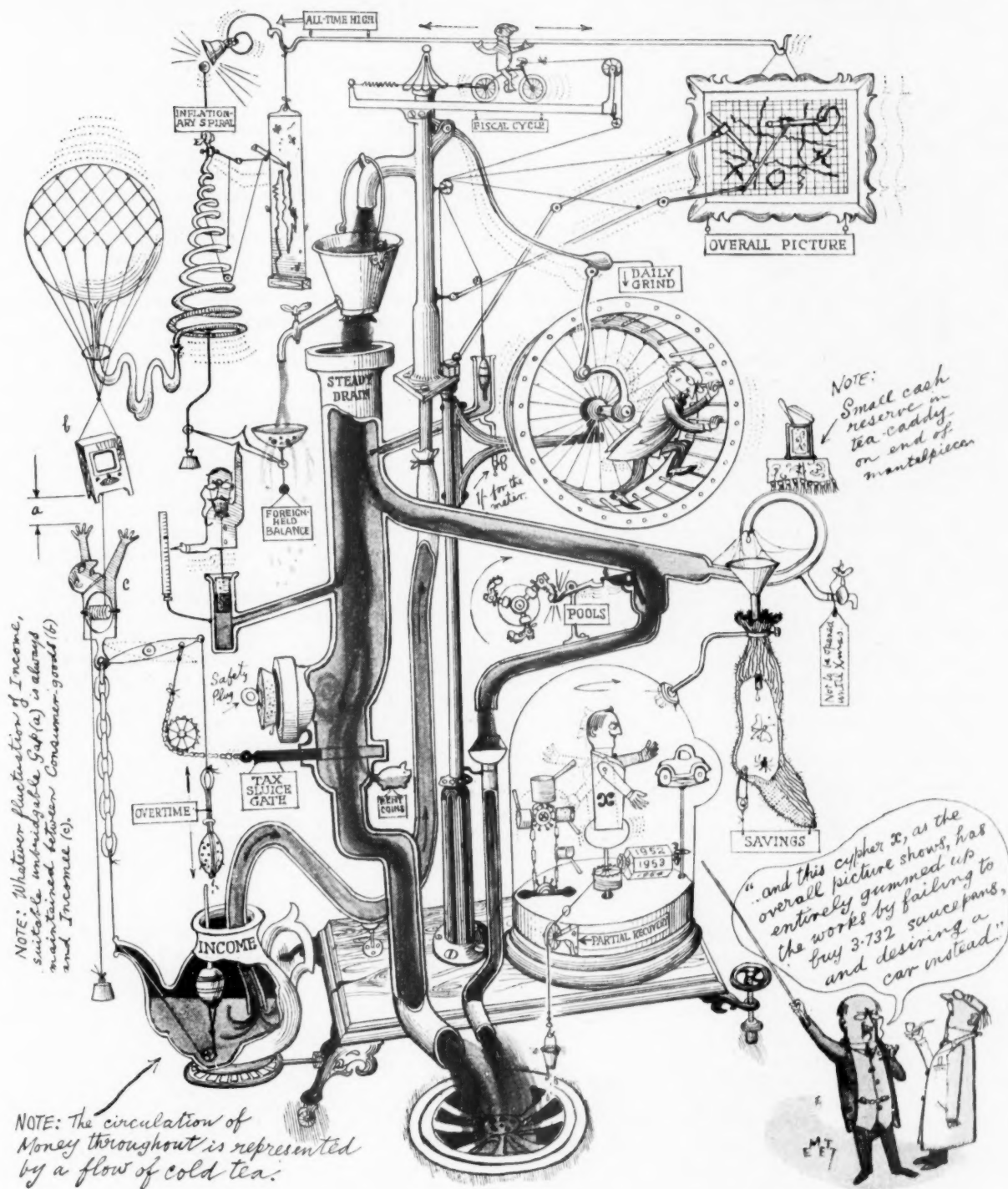
It is hard to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ignorant of the machine's existence. And the Chancellor, as all are in agreement this morning, is a man in a very influential position; moreover, he relies for that position on the willing co-operation of an informed public. And yet, in the whole of our country, there is but one financephalograph. Has it not occurred to him that an economy capable of affording a Budget shortfall of four hundred millions might take in its stride the trifling cost of putting the machine into mass production? In our view there should be an installation in every town hall (or recreation ground, railway station or dog-track) in Britain. The State's greatest enemy is the ignorance of its people.

Consider, for example, the recent prosecution of the National Coal Board by the Ministry of Fuel. The news that the Board had been fined two hundred pounds started the wild rumour that boiler fuel would go up, as a result, by a farthing a sack. But if only those ignorant critics could have gathered at the municipal financephalograph when the findings of the Court came through they could have learnt what really happened—nothing more than a sudden quiver of coloured water in the straw hat industry, by way of the Gas Council and the Civil Contingencies Fund.

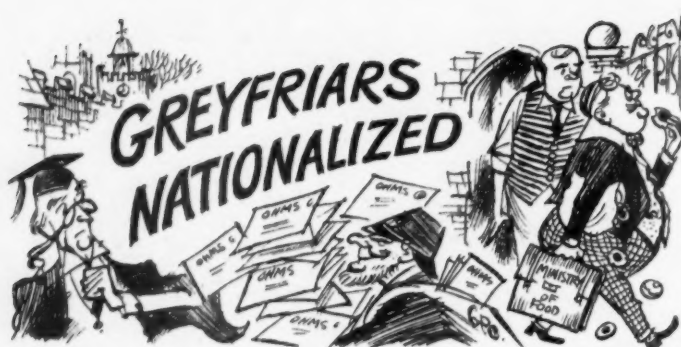
If the State will not step in—and it very probably won't—what of Commerce? Will not some public-spirited biscuit baron or marmalade mogul, now presenting winners of slogan competitions with the routine £5,000 house, television set and two seats for the Coronation, instead present their home town with one of these invaluable educational aids? It might even (we add persuasively) be adapted to repay its cost, as the eager townsfolk flocked to place their sixpences in the specially-fitted slot and studied the effect of inflationary spending on the calibrated chart. Kiddies, for a penny, could observe the havoc played with the wholesale price of candy-floss and seaside rock. And the donor's local representative could come round and empty the thing on Saturday nights.

Meanwhile, and in default of appropriate action by either State or Citizen, a simple model is under construction at this office from the data, necessarily incomplete, at our disposal. (*See opposite.*) When ready it will be on display, absolutely free of charge, to all callers at No. 10 Bouverie Street . . . including any from No. 11 Downing Street. J. B. BOOTHROYD





MACHINE DESIGNED TO SHOW THE WORKING OF THE ECONOMIC SYSTEM



HARRY Wharton & Co. stood in a wrathful and worried group. The Famous Five were in the soup. They were landed and stranded, diddled, dishd and done. Billy Bunter, his mouth full of cake and treacle, managed to gurgle out the news. "Have you chaps heard? Greyfriars is to be nationalized!"

"Late as usual, you thumping ass!" echoed Bob Cherry. "Only just discovered that! Why, next term even the name of the school is to change! The Grey School, it's to be called! The Grey School of Social Significance, of course! More in keeping with Modern Thought!"

"I knew we'd have a lot of bother after that giddy essay George Orwell wrote about us in Connolly's frabjous mag., saying we were what everybody wanted to be!" groaned the fat Owl of Greyfriars, lapping up a mug of cocoa and strawberryade, as he stuffed several back-numbers of *The New Statesman* into the seat of his striped trousers.

"Bunter, you fat ass, what are you doing with that merry paper?" yelled Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of the Remove, whose father was a millionaire.

"Got to see the Head about the disappearance of the soya-bean jam!" Bunter grunted, adding a copy of *Tribune*. It could only just be contained in the space available!

"But he'll twig those at once!" shouted Harry Wharton, planting a hearty kick well and truly on Bunter's ample anatomy.

"The Head is staying on, and he'll be jolly pleased at what I'm reading, and let me off!" Bunter

gasped, taking some lollypops and liquorice on board. "And if he don't notice, that stuff is so thick I shan't feel a giddy thing!"

"Oh gum!" Bob Cherry groaned. "Here's a go! We'll be losing Gussy anyway! The Honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy won't do at all at Greyfriars in the Century of the Common Boy!"

Arthur Augustus adjusted his monocle and began to pummel Cherry's ribs!

"You fearful outsiders!" he

gasped. "Weally, have none of you taken the twouble to find out that my father, Lord Eastwood, is a Labah peer?"

"Ooogh!"

"Urrghh!"

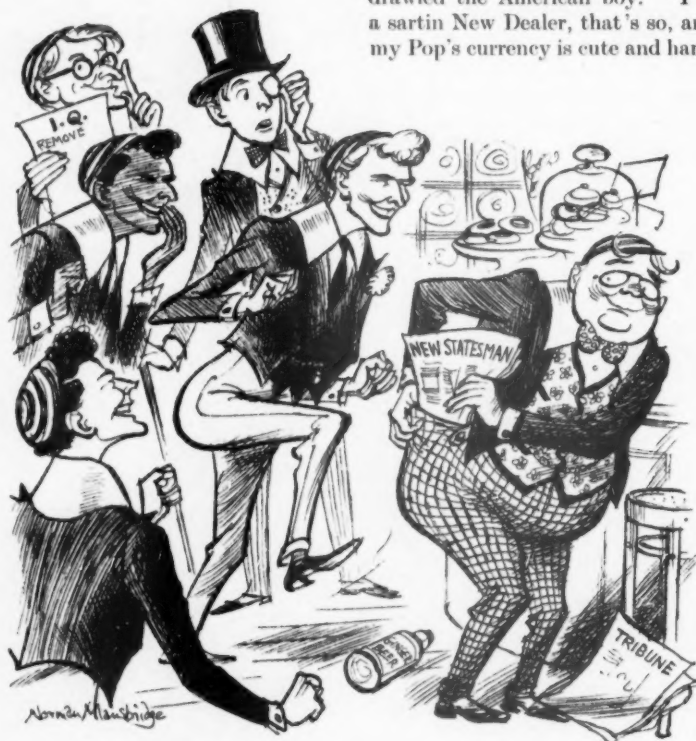
"What!" expostulated the Bounder of the Remove. "Then I suppose you thought it a rich jape to boast all these years about your father's old title and broad acres!"

"He's got a seat on the Coal Board! That isn't a bad bizney, is it, bai Jove?" retorted Gussy. "What about your storwies of your own father's sur-tax? Why is he standing at the next election in the Labah interwest, deah boy? I see I've thwown you into quite a fluttah!"

"If anyone goes it will be Fisher T. Fish!" asserted Bob Cherry. "They won't want a bally American witch-hunting the new masters!"

"I do hope we have some fellow-twavellers!" put in Arthur Augustus. "I'll wagah the Stinks Beak will be a Party membah!"

"Waal, I guess it won't be me that's quittin' this durned consarn!" drawled the American boy. "I'm a sartin New Dealer, that's so, and my Pop's currency is cute and hard."



If it's any of us guys quittin', it'll be Inky here."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, denied this suggestion vociferously!

"My esteemed Fisher!" Inky reiterated, "since the implementiveness of the Education Act of 1944, the barkfulness and bitefulness of Privilege had its teeth removed by the painless dentalism of Equal Opportunitiness. As the English proverb has it, Leftfulness has become Rightfulness. Besides, my esteemed family is far too lovesome with the esteemed Mr. Nehru for any troublesomeness."

"But what a thump!" groaned Harry Wharton. "Will Prout remain our housemaster? I jolly well hope not!"

"I read a letter on Prout's desk applying for a post at the British Council!" asserted Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of the Remove, "I 'spect he'll go! The giddy Council's always looking for new personnel!"

The Honourable Arthur Augustus could not contain himself at this!

"Oh cwumbs! You wottah!"

"Go and eat coke!" riposted the millionaire's son and heir. "If your father's really on the Coal Board, you'll probably get it more easily than the rest of us! As a matter of fact, I bet your Guv'nor just does low-level House of Lords committee work on things like Cost of Living!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Groo!"

"Yaroo!"

"You uttah boundah!"

"Anyway, I'm leaving this term!" groaned Bunter, as he spread wads of marmalade on thick slices of meat loaf. "I've passed the interview for the Ministry of Food! And the Intelligence test, too! They say the elevenses there are simply frabjous!"

ANTHONY POWELL

"Collie Dog, 1 year old for sale; will work sheep or cattle, hunt out any distance, and stop to whistle."

Advt. in *Scottish Farmer*

Any special tune?



"I find these electric razors save a lot of trouble."

SONNET FOR ESCAPISTS

Most of the further nebulae appear to be receding from us at speeds up to 15,000 kilometres a second.

THROUGH half of Europe it's unwise to sigh
If the cops call and Uncle disappears:

The ununited nations whet their spears:

Ex Africa semper aliquid mali;

The States despise what money cannot buy:

Persia's all oil and vinegary tears,

And Britain, lowered prices and raised fares.

All realists. It makes one wonder why

Most governments spare something from their greed

To build that odd observatory-shape

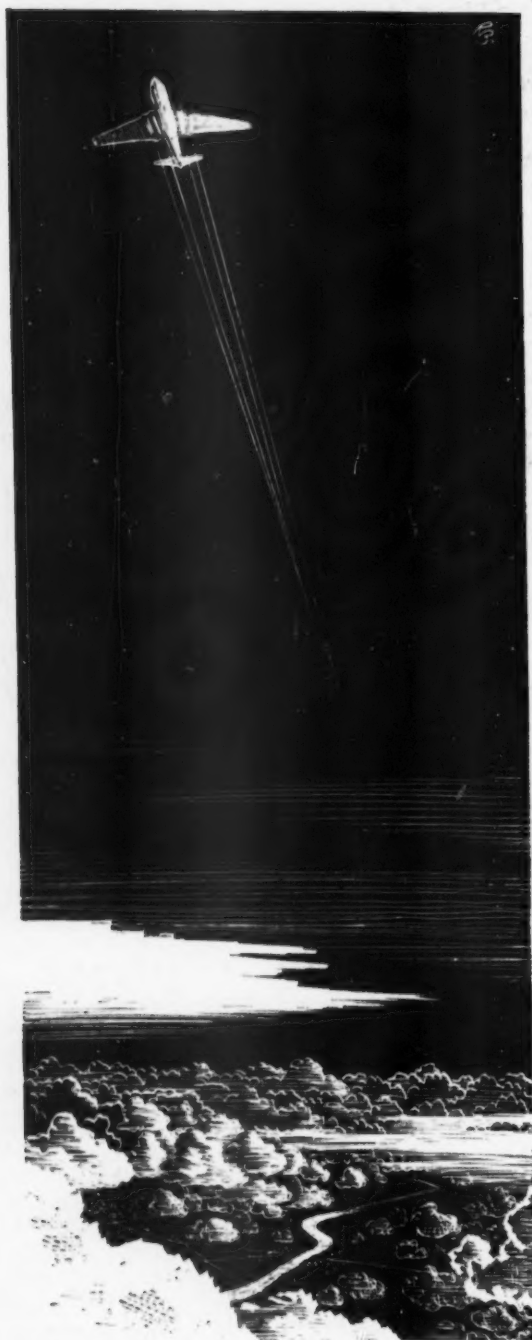
And train and pay astronomers to mark

Where the great spiral nebulae recede

In infinite inanimate escape,

Gold rain through the immeasurable dark.

PETER DICKINSON



THE CONQUERING COMET

By our Arts do we create
That which Time himself devours—
Such machines as well may run
'Gainst the Horses of the Sun.

Rudyard Kipling, "A Song of Travel."

"OR BEND WITH THE REMOVER TO REMOVE"

JUST because I want to get rid of it, just because it has been lying about for so long, just because it has been so rudely torn from its parent newspaper, just because one never can find the scissors when one wants to cut out a paragraph, just because, anyhow—

"JOKES SPOIL A JOB"

Derby cannot get enough dustmen. 'They are too often the subject of music-hall jokes,' says Councillor A. J. Luckett, Cleansing Committee Chairman."

It is a thing that I cannot understand. It is a thing that has puzzled me almost as much as:

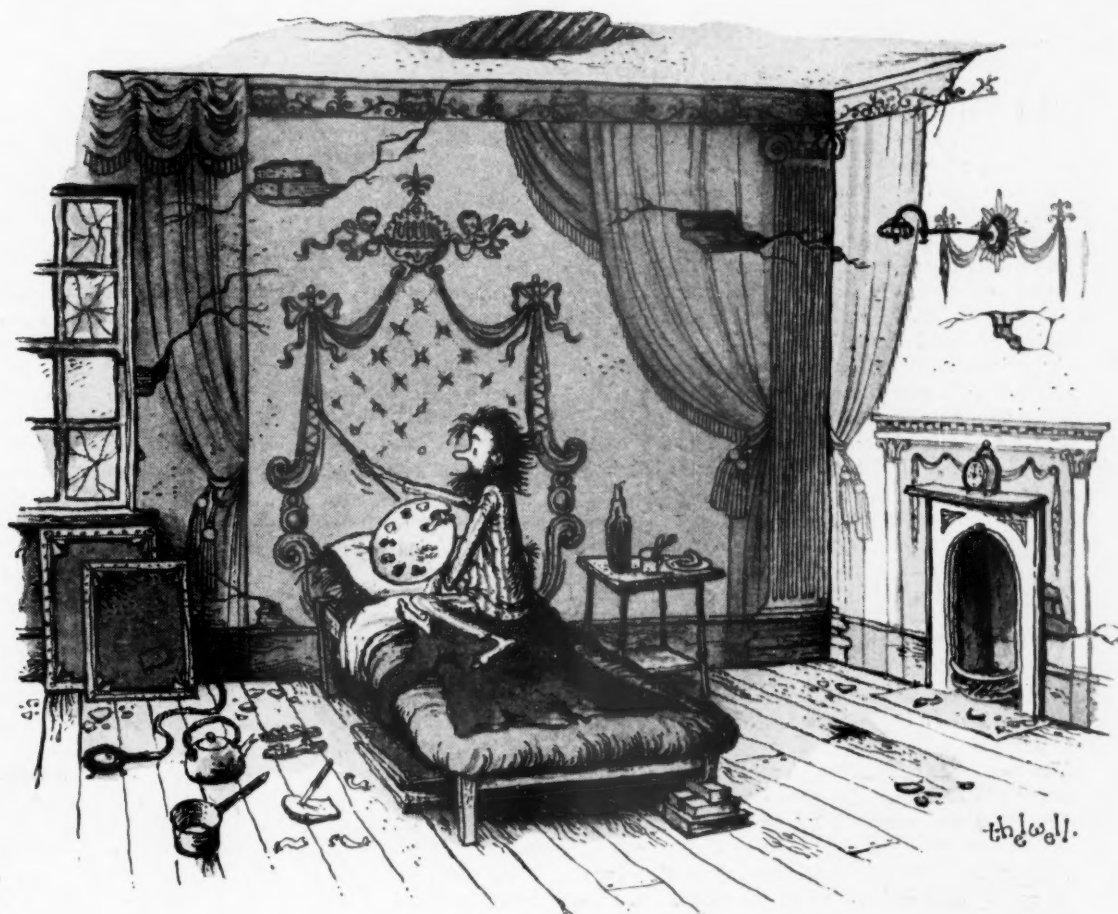
"WAKE UP! . . . OUR JET MARKET IS IN DANGER"—which merely reminds me of the bugles of a great-aunt, silent long ago.

But to return to the sensitive dustmen. I have sat under as many music-hall jokes as most people in this country, and I do not believe I ever heard a comedian speak lightly of a dustman's name. Politicians, poets, policemen, landladies, lodgers, bathing belles, twins and mothers-in-law, grocers and fishmongers and barrow boys and railway buns—but dustmen never. Their honour, their professional integrity, by no Cockney gag has been sullied or assailed. It is not so, alas! in Derby, I am forced, with sorrow, to believe. I have stayed only once for a single night in the town where the Young Pretender turned and fled. But I gather that it has a good free library and a choicely planted arboretum. It is a place of porcelain, and Herbert Spencer dwelt in its unscavenged shades. It has given a title to an earldom, a race and a hat.

But why, in these days of progress, should dustmen in any town, in any borough, continue to bear the name of dustmen if they do not like the word? Councillor A. J. Luckett himself is called the Cleansing Committee Chairman. He is not known to the citizens of Derby as the Muck Manager or the Garbage Governor as he walks by the banks of the dreaming Trent.

Surely the men who work under his aegis, or should work under it, are named, as they certainly are in my own Metropolitan Borough, the Personnel of the Refuse Collecting Department. It is true that they do not, even here, collect as frequently as we should like, but this is probably due to an honourable ambition on the part of the Borough Council not to lift the rates beyond twenty shillings in the pound. And the men respond with a right good will. But when they do come, in their magnificent machines, their shining cylinders on wheels, they are treated with the respect and courtesy they so well deserve. Light-minded Domestic Operatives or Diurnal Coadjutors may say airily, as they sometimes do,

*"Them men have just bin
To empty the dustbin."*



But the educated householder thinks of the invaders as the angelic visitants of a perambulating and paternal bureaucracy. One has only to address a member of the corps in these actual words to see the smile of conscious rectitude irradiate his kindly face.

Time was, in the old days of private enterprise, when the rewards of this profession were eagerly sought after by rival firms. Mr. Boffin of *Our Mutual Friend* was the Golden Dustman. The great dust-heap at King's Cross was removed in 1848 to lay new foundations for the city of Moscow, burnt out in 1812. Without that London dust beneath them there might never have been a Lenin, or a Stalin, or even a Malenkov. These are facts on which I counsel the dustmen of Derby to ponder deeply.

They belong to a proud calling. They have a great tradition to uphold. Mockers, if any, they should treat with a smile of disdain. Whichever of the three great branches of their industry they may be invited to serve, whether it be the collection of discarded utensils and abandoned nutriment, the gathering of porcine intake, or the withdrawal of surplus newsprint and stationery,

let them try to select the one which gives them the greatest prospect of self-realization, that permits the freest play of their personality. They are links in the civic chain.

As they sit in the arboretum of an evening, when work is done, let them lightly scan the works of Herbert Spencer which they have borrowed for the nonce from the free library. As for the sanitary officers of my own Metropolitan Borough, let them come, and come often. They will always be welcome. Here, for instance, is a newspaper cutting for them to take away.

EVOR

What Mr. Gladstone Said, At Last?

"The position with which the Liberals are now faced is surely this: there is this gulf, and on one bank is a ditch with the two parties deceiving the electorate by saying that the fate of Britain hangs on the side of the ditch where the bulk of the country stands; and it is clearly the duty of all Liberals to expose this fallacy, for whichever side of the ditch they may support, they are still on the same bank of the gulf, travelling on the road leading to the same disaster."

From a news-sheet issued by the National League of Young Liberals

The Middle-aged Man and the Prose

(Well, all the earlier parodies are out of date)

HE was a middle-aged man who turned out fiction on a typewriter and every year now he was getting to take himself more seriously. In the old days the stories had been entertaining and the words had told them simply, but now the noble prose was a point of honour with him and the hell with whether there was a story there at all. Usually there was a story but it came smothered in noble prose. It's like cream round a walnut, he thought.

But this time he knew it would be a good day with the typewriter. The ribbon was a new one with the good black colour and he had fixed it hard and true with the clip that is called the *clip* so that the end was held firmly and would not pull away. His fingers had gotten oily and stained but he did not care because it was a good new ribbon.

"Watch that *x*," the mechanic said. "It is a bad *x* and it will perhaps betray you and when you want the *x* it will not make the mark of the *x*."

"No," the man said. "Not on my good day. I know it will be a good day. Besides, I have very little need of the *x*. You do not have much need of the *x* in small words. When you start using long words from the Latin perhaps you need the *x* at the beginning of the words. But on a good day there is no need of any *x*."

The mechanic looked at him. He was a young mechanic and he had only come to make the space bar right where it was wrong, but he had seen that something might happen with the *x*.

He went away and the man put a sheet of paper in the typewriter. It did not go in straight at first and

he took it out and put it in again so that the side edges were straight up and down. The way to do this is to look at the top of the paper. The strip of it that shows must be the same width all the way along and no more must show at one end than at the other. That was one thing the man had come to understand even before he began to write noble prose.

Later he had come to understand the other things and one was that when you are the only character in a story except a fish or a typewriter you must talk to yourself. Even if it is quite a short story printed not many words to the page so that a book may come out of it somehow you must remember that the people who read the story will not take much interest in it unless there is something to make them think they are reading dialogue.

In a book by Ernest Hemingway that was called *The Old Man and the Sea* there was a reason why the old man talked when he was alone. This was given for the readers of the book, to make them think there was a true reason for the talking. But that was not the true reason, the man thought, and I know what was. The true reason was to make the story look easier to read.

"It is good also," he said aloud, "to make the words sound as if they had been translated from the Spanish."

That is a trick too, he thought. For a true translation would read like good plain English. But it happens that if you make the words simple and spread them out and leave out a good many of the commas and use *and* many times and write perhaps "I go" instead of "I'm going," the reader will get the idea that the men who speak the words are strong and dignified characters as well as being of a different race.

"Make the reader feel humble," the man said. "That is important to remember. Most readers have lost the way of doing the strong male things and because of this they can easily be made to feel humble when such things are described. The things may not be particularly strong and male but tell of them in short simple words hardly ever using the passive and the reader will think they are and he will feel humble."

And once he feels humble you've got him, he thought.

He knew it would be a good day but he was glad that the mechanic had been to make the space bar right.

"Perhaps I will not use the *x* at all," he said aloud. "But I will certainly use the space bar more than anyone else in the same number of pages."

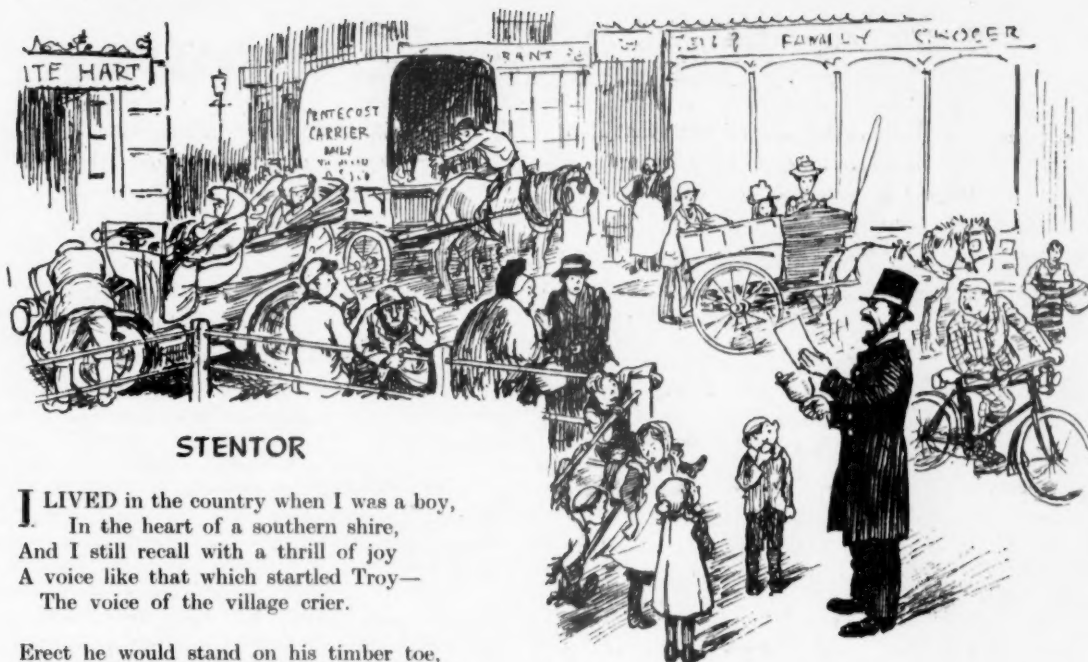
RICHARD MALLETT



"A dog ran off with a goalkeeper's gloves and cap on the Nottingham Forest ground. The referee stopped the game, chased the dog, and got back his gloves and cap."

News Chronicle

Any news of the goalkeeper's?



STENTOR

I LIVED in the country when I was a boy,
In the heart of a southern shire,
And I still recall with a thrill of joy
A voice like that which startled Troy—
The voice of the village crier.

Erect he would stand on his timber toe,
And jangle his burnished bell,
And with all the pomp of a nuncio,
In accents measured, majestic, slow,
His tremendous tidings tell . . .

Of a concert, or fancy-dress parade,
Of an auction, or public meeting,
Of articles lost, or animals strayed,
Of a dance on the rectory lawn in aid
Of the Institute's central heating.

Through paddock and orchard, lane and street
Would sound that solemn decretal—
Announcing the date of the old folks' treat,
Or a rummage sale designed to defeat
The wiles of the death-watch beetle.

Ten years beyond the allotted span
He lived, says the churchyard stone,
And in his place is a youth called Stan
Who travels around in a motor-van
And speaks through a microphone.

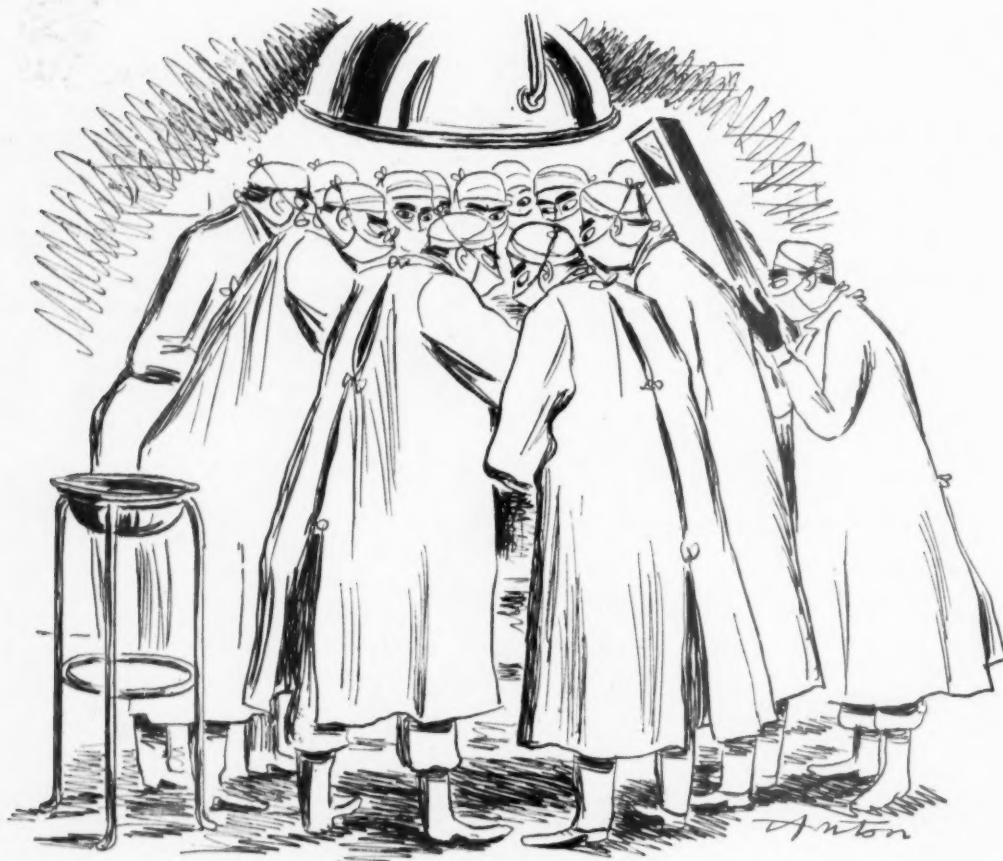


IS THE HORSE SLIPPING?

HORRIBLE thought! For all agree that Man
Is finer now than when the chap began:
And most dumb animals, by Man controlled,
Are sweeter, swifter, than they were of old.
Our politicians please us more and more:
And even *Punch* is better than before.
The bloodhound, once by everybody barred,
Now works in harmony with Scotland Yard.
The elephant, the jungle's cunning king,
Is led about by planters on a string.
The lion, if he's not behind the bars,
Is calmly photographed from motor-cars.
In Art, maybe, we do not much improve,
But look how well the modern world can *move*!
Our motor-cars, in Britain and the States,

Can kill and maim at ever-rising rates.
Now we dispatch our striplings round the sky
Faster than sound—we do not quite know why.
The Universities are full of lads
Who row, or run, more quickly than their dads.
The racing greyhound, idol of the sea,
Is more like liners than he used to be;
And any night, on some suburban track,
Some recent record may be beaten back.
Only the horse, though still considered fast,
Seems quite unable to surpass his past.
The best of Derbies was in '36:
Come on, good horses! Have you no new tricks?
This year let better than your best be seen:
You too must break a record for the Queen.

A. P. H.



SHAWCROSS: MAN OR SUPERMAN?

THE above title was originally intended for some articles written by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., for the *Sunday Express*; but the Attorney-General pronounced them anathema and they were never used. Sir Hartley had never, said Sir Lionel Heald, given his consent or authority to the writing or publication of the articles, and it was unthinkable that they should be published without his knowledge or approval. The *Sunday Express*, with unaccustomed docility, wrote them off as a loss.

Why Sir Lionel should have acted as he did may well seem odd. Anyway, the *Sunday Pictorial* has leapt into the gap with a series about Sir Hartley, warranted completely unauthorized; and already we have learnt that he has good taste in women's clothes, but is unsound on hats.

However, the title is still going spare, and it seems too good to waste.

Sir Hartley was educated at Dulwich and joined the Socialist Party soon after leaving. His rise at the Bar has been meteoric; his practice is said to earn him fifty thousand a year. Yet the law is not his only interest. "One of my private ambitions," he told the Commons in 1950, "is to go into Whitehall, dig a hole in the street, and see how long it would take the authorities to find out I was not a Water Board official."

Sir Hartley shows a lively interest in music. Talking of the dedication concert at the Festival of Britain, he said "The great orchestra and massed choirs were performing Elgar's 'Land of Hope and Glory.' My heart was filled with emotion. I looked across the hall and saw Herbert Morrison sitting there." He likes the old-time songs: "At our meetings," he once said, "we sometimes sing the Red Flag; not because its words are in the least apt to the facts of the modern world, but as a traditional song of our party." And in 1948—"To make the people happy, to let the people sing, is certainly the object of the Labour Government."

His uncertain taste in hats was never so well demonstrated as on the occasion in July 1949 when he wore a ten-gallon hat given him by Mr. Amon Carter of Texas. There are Ministers who can get away with a ten-gallon hat—Lord Alexander is one—and there are those who cannot. Perhaps it was lucky for Sir Hartley that his hat was overshadowed by the simultaneous affair of the disappearing steaks.

Sir Hartley was reported as having brought with him from a visit to the United States six large steaks. "I will probably eat a portion of them," he told a reporter, "while my family and friends will eat the rest." Two days later he complained that the amount of steak involved was exaggerated; there were, he said, four three-pound steaks, of which three had been given

to friends. Later, Mr. A. J. Hunnisett, Press and Information Officer to H.M. Customs and Excise, wrote to the papers. "The maximum amount of foodstuffs any passenger may bring from abroad is 10 lb. of any one kind . . . The steaks carried by Sir Hartley Shawcross were well within these limits."

What such a handsome and talented—one almost wrote glamorous—figure could fear from a newspaper article it is hard to see. Sir Hartley's relations with the Press have always been more than cordial. "Sir Hartley praises the *Daily Express*," reported the *Daily Express* not long ago. In return the *Express* said: "In politics Sir Hartley has conducted himself with courtesy and propriety. He has brought fresh dignity into public life."

It is instructive to examine Sir Hartley's recent work at the Bar. In December 1949 he observed that "a man's right to withhold his labour is fundamental." Yet when criticized for taking Sir Bernard Docker's case he answered that he "could not pick and choose" his cases and must accept what he was offered under pain of the Bar Council's displeasure. (It must have gratified Sir Hartley that, having failed to follow Mr. Ernest Bevin as Foreign Minister, he succeeded in following him as the Dockers' Q.C.)

"DOCKER TELLS OF DISSENSION" ran a *Daily Telegraph* headline in 1951. This was a different kind of docker, with a small d. Sir Hartley was prosecuting seven of them for conspiring to incite strikes. There was a similar affair with the gas workers in October 1950. Contrariwise, Sir Hartley's recent clients have included Anglo-Iranian Oil; Mr. J. Arthur Rank; Colonel Charles Sweeny; the Northern Rhodesian copper interests (against the African Mineworkers' Union). When he was briefed to appear for the *Daily Mirror* in Mr. Churchill's libel action, the case was withdrawn and a private settlement made.

No one (except, apparently, the staff of the *Daily Worker*) could really doubt Sir Hartley's political sincerity. He is just an awfully good chap to have on the other side.

B. A. YOUNG



THIS COPY IS NOT GETTING ANYWHERE

MESSRS. Sohrab and Rustum, Limited, specialists in Foundry Equipment, are, I believe, an excellent firm to work for; but I would rather not be sitting down to write copy for them on a day like this.

They said some time ago that their next press campaign had got to be a strong one. Now they have just announced that they want it by Friday; so, at the moment, I am trying not to compare my immediate surroundings more closely than I can help with the view

through the open window. The situation is too serious. I have collected all the ammunition I can find, mostly their own illustrated literature. My pad is open; my ball-point is at the ready; my morale, on the whole, is good. But I will not pretend that my heart is in the foundry with their complete range of equipment for the production of high-quality repetition castings. Not on a day like this.

In the ordinary way, mark you, I find the mental image of liquid iron leaping into boxes of sand

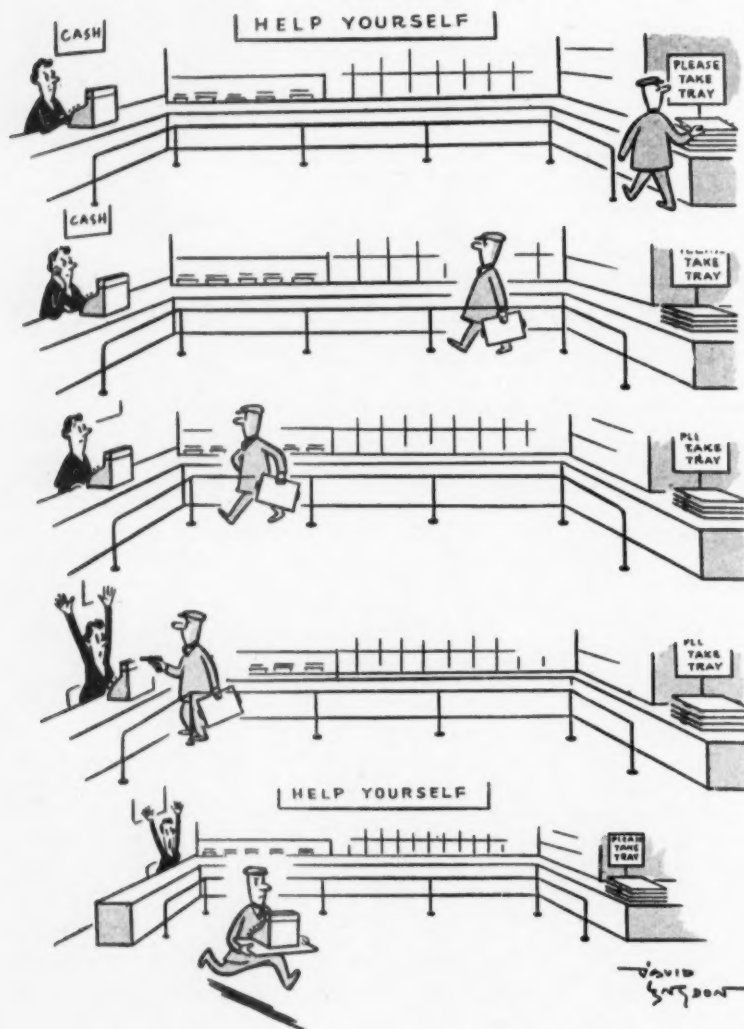
quite a stimulating one. Mine is a fairly docile imagination, and, in general, subjects like the closer control of silicate admixture at the cupola spout which is now possible—thanks to Messrs. Sohrab and Rustum's thirty-four years' experience of foundry installations in all parts of the world (write for illustrated literature)—are right up its street. But it is not feeling as docile as that to-day.

In foundry practice, the principal danger is that of getting the graphite unevenly distributed through the metal. Messrs. Sohrab and Rustum have thought of this, and devised an instrument to deal with it, but I have forgotten its name; which means I shall just have to phrase things so as to bring out its revolutionary importance without actually mentioning it.

An easier matter, this, than you might think. The trick is to get the reader so used to hearing each concrete benefit linked with the thirty-four-years' experience gambit that he ceases to wonder which particular item is responsible. It is a mild form of hypnotism, really. The same idea, repeated often enough, gradually lulls the critical faculties into acquiescence. Rhythmic bodily movement can do the same; look, for example (I speak from memory), at the way a distant striding figure, spinning something in his fingers, will suddenly stop, turn on his heel, lean forward, run . . . and flick out a nonchalant hand as the wicket-keeper throws it back to him.

What I am trying to say is that Messrs. Sohrab and Rustum were established in 1919, and that even now the bulk of the metal-pouring public is unaware how much it owes to this experience of theirs. If you ask me, people either do not know to what extent recent advances in cupola design have been based on painstaking research by Sohrab and Rustum technicians, or they do not care.

As for any general awareness of the revolutionary improvements



MY HAT

MOTHER said if I wore this hat
 I should be certain to get off with the right sort of chap.
 Well look where I am now, on a desert island
 With so far as I can see no one at all on hand.
 I know what has happened, though I suppose mother wouldn't see.
 This hat, being so strong, has completely run away with me.
 I had the feeling it was beginning to happen the moment I put it on.
 What a moment that was as I rose up, I rose up like a flying swan—
 As strong as a swan too, why, see how far my hat has flown me away.
 It took us a night to come and then a night and a day.
 And all the time the swan wing in my hat waved beautifully;
 Ah, I thought, how this hat becomes me.
 First the sea was dark but then it was pale blue
 And still the wing beat and we flew and we flew
 A night and a day and a night and by the old right way
 Between the sun and the moon we flew until morning day.
 It is always early morning here on this peculiar island,
 The green grass grows into the sea on the dipping land.
 Am I glad I am here? Yes, well, I am.
 It's nice to be rid of Father, Mother and the young man.
 There's just one thought causes me a twinge of pain—
 If I take my hat off, shall I find myself home again?
 So in this early morning land I always wear my hat.
 Go home, you see, well I wouldn't take a risk like that.

STEVIE SMITH



in every aspect of casting technique which are directly due to their pioneering work, Messrs. Sohrab and Rustum might as well have spent their time lying in the lee of a large hayrick, hats well down over their noses, watching the sunlight retreating slowly down their flannels towards the turn-ups and reflecting that supplies of liquid refreshment were, on a rough calculation, some five minutes' leisurely walk away.

Rough calculations were never much in their line, though. For as long as I have known them it has been a matter of so many degrees Centigrade, and point-so-much per cent more tensile strength. There is a feeling of strain, I have often thought, about all this which cannot be good for them. They will pay for it in the long run, unless someone tells them that degrees Centigrade can exist elsewhere than in a foundry cupola, and that sand can lie in places where no casting is ever poured and only the shrill, near-distant cries of the sportive

young remind one that physical activity is more than an amusing myth.

I am afraid I am not getting anywhere with this copy. It is a little galling because, on my day, with a subject that appeals to me, I can weave a wordy spell with the best. There is clearly nothing for it but to grit my teeth, put distracting thoughts firmly aside, and literally sweat it out. Some of the best copy, after all, is written in this way. I know people tend to imagine, when they read a passage of winged and persuasive prose, that the writer had all the time in the world. They see him, feet up and notebook on knee, leaning back and just letting the words bubble to the surface at their own speed—gazing skywards now and then, perhaps, at white towers of cumulus as they sail before a gentle breath of the warm south.

What more sensible method, if it comes to that? Just to let mind and body relax (as I was urging in a four-colour brochure only last

January); to drink deep draughts of the sun-drenched landscape, the unbelievable blue of sea and sky; revel in the soft, sub-tropical airs by day, the scented nights. This (I really can't think why I found it such an effort last January) is luxurious living at its best, where short trunks, long glasses, dipping fronds and striped umbrellas reign supreme; where every prospect pleases, parti-coloured beach-balls float from hand to hand, and the admixture of silicate is nil—thanks, I am inclined to think, to the large white seagull directly overhead and its (for all I know) thirty-four years' experience of executing wide, semi-circular sweeps at varying altitudes.

This is indeed the place for me. This is the life. This, if you are interested, is the class of stuff I can turn out when my theme is congenial. And to anyone who is still worried about modern foundry practice I have one thing to suggest and one only.

Write for illustrated literature.
 W. ROGER NICHOLSON



NORMAN MACSERGE

172, or CAN YOU INCREASE THE ALLOTMENT?

THE mystic number 172 is more germane than might be supposed to the subject under discussion, which is means of communication, freedom of the Press, and all that department of affairs which we are normally glad to leave to the Cultural Committee of the Council of Europe. It is, in point of fact, one of the more arresting of the phrases from which the Postmaster-General invites the public to choose in sending telegrams to members of the Forces overseas. It refers, as I understand it, to a grant-in-aid made to the sender by the addressee, rather than to the size of the kitchen garden.

The authorship of these aphorisms is a closely guarded secret of St. Martin's-le-Grand, but there is no doubt that the man (if it is only one) is an artist, spanning the whole gamut of human emotion in the phrases 1 to 356. Some maintain that the work is a symposium, and that position is not entirely untenable. Is it likely, it is argued, that the contributor of 134 ("No") and 138 ("Yes") could rise to the beatific heights of 271 ("Hearing your voice on the wireless gave me a wonderful thrill")?

Against this view it is pointed out that the writer could compose 356 phrases, neither more nor less, whereas an editor compiling an anthology would have stopped at 350 or gone on to the next round hundred. We can imagine the rest for ourselves; 357 ("Am at end of tether"); 358 ("Have embraced Islam") . . .

Shades of meaning are allowed for in these phrases to satisfy the most sensitive of telegraphists. Compare, for instance, the off-handedness of 4 ("Parcel received: many thanks") with the warmth of 303 ("Parcel was just what I wanted: many thanks"). Or the plain man's 132 ("Have done as you asked") with the professional touch in 349 ("Have acted as you requested"). One can imagine a beleaguered corporal cabling a frenzied 351 to his solicitor ("Let me know when you find out") and

receiving the cold assurance of 350 ("Will keep you fully advised").

The author is evidently getting on in life, and has had some success. The three phrases 103/106/113 ("Glad if you could send some money/Have you sent money?/I do not need money") can be ascribed to his early, middle, and later periods. But he makes provision for those less fortunately circumstanced with his 100 ("Have sent you — pounds"), or, what is perhaps more to the point, his 101 ("Have sent you — dollars"). He can be effusive, as in 344 ("Hospitality of people here wonderful"), and even familiar—63 ("Good show: keep it up")* and 309 ("Regards to the gang").

For some reason the P.M.G. is remarkably reticent about this code. It is not printed in the Post Office Guide, and one has to ask to see a copy at a telegraph office. It is not as though codes were forbidden in telegrams: if anybody wants to cable to Mr. Malenkov 91/350/131 ("Congratulations on your promotion/will keep you fully advised/what things do you need most urgently?") the Special Branch might start asking questions but the Post Office will not turn a hair. The question arises, then, of why such a code, greatly expanded,

* Cf. 119 ("Good Luck: keep it up")

should not be in more general use to dispose of the daily trivia.

Consider the Press. Could not the newspapers give their readers a code to follow (as the *Daily Herald* does with greyhounds) and print their headlines thus?—

482

173

257

which, being translated, would mean "Tanks Out in Teheran/Police Fire on Mob/Moussadek Appeals to Majlis." Or again, if things go badly later in the season:

386

24

355

which everyone would know at a glance to mean: "England Hopes Fade/Bowlers in Command/Rain Stops Play at Old Trafford."

Think of the space it would save.

G. D. TAYLOR

"GRAVITATIONAL INSTABILITY
OF A TURBULENT MEDIUM" Nature

Levitation, they call it.



Eric Burgein

Advice on Point-to-Points

Being directions to Hon. Secretaries, Riders, Starters, Judges, Veterinary Surgeons, Punters, Mothers, Boys, Young Ladies and the Police

Directions to Hon. Secretaries

ON the day that the entries close, ring up all the people within a hundred miles who own a point-to-point horse and tell them that there are only six entries in the Open Race. If next week, when they turn up with their horse, they are annoyed to find that there are fifty-two entries in that particular race, tell them that everyone entered by telegram at the very last moment.

Site the dressing tent on a slope and do not put down a duckboard floor. Riders, while changing into their racing silks, can paddle in the mud, and thus gain an accurate impression of the state of the going on the race-course itself.

Have the race-cards made of the flimsiest and cheapest material. If on a wet day a race-goer backs a loser and wishes to tear his card up in disgust he is saved the trouble: the card has already disintegrated.

Directions to Riders

Remember that your chief opponent is not the gay and gallant person who rides against you but the force of gravity that tears you from your saddle and dashes you against the ground, breaking every bone in your body. Your other opponents are, of course, the various officials of the meeting.

Never stand a Steward a drink; let him stand you one. Having made you this present he is far more likely to do you a favour than if he felt he was in any way beholden to you.

Never take a racing-saddle in the car with you to the meeting. Send it in the horse-box. For if, on the way to or from the races, you are run into, this evidence that you were riding at a race-meeting will tell strongly against you in the subsequent police proceedings. The fact that you ride well is taken as proof that you drive badly. You will be lucky if you are out by Goodwood.

When you get down to the start, look carefully at the Starter. If he is sober, tighten your girths. If he is tight, watch his every move. At any moment he may turn temperamental and drop the flag.

Directions to Starters

Have a drink or two between each race.

Have at least one false start in the Open Race. The public and even the riders expect it. This is your big moment and you should hold the centre of the stage for as long as possible. If there is a particularly well-known rider on the favourite, see that he gets badly away, even if you have to have up to

half a dozen false starts to achieve this. You can then return to the Stewards' Tent and say "So-and-So tried to get the better of me at the start but I got him left in the end all right."

Directions to Judges

Get as many of your family and friends into the Judge's Box as it will hold. As they will view the finish from different angles, you will, in this way, get a good representative opinion as to which horse won. Being the official Judge, you retain the casting vote; and remember, your decision, however foolish, is final.

Directions to Vets.

When a race is in progress, retire to the refreshment tent. You will thus be spared hearing those tedious inquiries for your services which are broadcast from time to time during the afternoon, and which so interfere with the enjoyment of your day's racing.

If you decide a horse is so badly injured that it should be destroyed, dispatch it immediately or it may rise to its feet and disprove your diagnosis.

Advice on Betting

Never back greys, for they seldom win point-to-points. Choose a bookmaker with a rapacious appearance. All he wants is your money; it is easier to keep this fact in mind if you patronize one that answers this description.

Back the favourite in the Members' and Farmers' Races, the prettiest girl in the Ladies' Race (she won't win) and the horse that has come the furthest to run in the Open Race.

Never bet on a race confined to naval officers.

Directions to Mothers

Do not take too much trouble over the picnic lunch as everyone will be too cold to enjoy it, and if enough is left uneaten, it will save you cooking dinner when you get home. If you have forgotten the



corkscrew, never admit it. Say it must have fallen out of the car.

Do not think of leaving the dogs at home. They, at least, will enjoy the outing, especially if allowed to run loose.

Don't worry overmuch about the children: it isn't as easy to lose them as all that. If you hear over the loud-speaker that your Timothy and Jennifer have lost their mother and are waiting in the police tent, that is the moment to draw up the windows and enjoy a quiet cigarette. They will be perfectly safe and probably no further appeal will be made until after the announcement of the next Tote dividend.

Directions to Boys

Don't watch the races, watch the ambulance. The ambulance unit is in touch with every fence and if it is seen to move off to a distant point of the course, follow it immediately. You may see something horrible.

Directions to Young Ladies

Pursue your activities where you will, but notes to be passed into the changing tent should be accompanied by a saddle.

Directions to the Police

Let the traffic move as slowly as possible. If you see anyone with a particularly harassed look, he will be hurrying to declare a runner for the first race. Stop his line of traffic, then send him to another entrance. You may drive him so frantic that he will get out and strike you. Then you've got him. You've got him, anyway, if he has got a racing saddle in the back of the car, but your real opportunity comes after the last race. When the cars are leaving, do not hold them back so that they can have a good run at the muddy gateway. Let the lines of cars slowly converge at the muddiest spot. Charabancs are your best allies and it should not be difficult to get two of the three gateways blocked by them. There may be, it is true, several tractors to haul them out, but it is just possible with clever timing to get all three exits blocked by charabancs with the tractors trapped in the field behind them.

G. T.



"Of course this means the end of the horse."

FAIR SHARES

YOU can't go out charring and draw full assistance as well—

The folk who employ you won't tell:

You can't run a car and a chauffeur, a gardener or two, Have a son up at Cambridge and hunt and . . . but lots of them do:

You can't have a fortune and die leaving virtually nil—

There's a way to look after the Will:

You can't . . .

Yes you can, yes you will, like the rest of the nation; For—apart from the fact that all's fair in Love, War and Taxation—

If you *truly* believe opportunity ought to be equal, There's only one logical sequel,

I.e., that the State must provide it, it has to be national—

So to grab from the State is compulsive besides being rational.

Moreover, to prove you're sincere about *total* equality You must level down not only incomes but also morality.

Fraternité! Liberté! . . . say it in English, Fair Shares! And down with all elements putting on ethical airs!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



BOOKING OFFICE

The World of
Arnold Toynbee

The World and the West. Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press, 7/6

MR. TOYNBEE has a persuasive manner, and discourses with assurance on past civilizations. He is, seemingly, equally at home with the Ming Dynasty and the Athens of Pericles. He strolls through Ancient Egypt as though it were Golders Green, and taps Asoka on the shoulder as he might a casual acquaintance in the Athenæum. One civilization follows another with the same inevitability as Crazy Gang turns at the Victoria Palace, and the blood-stained, sublime years follow one another, neither as a tale told by an idiot, nor as the unfolding of a divine purpose, but as a lunch-hour lecture at Chatham House—a reedy professional voice, after the coffee and sandwiches, proclaiming how it all happened and why.

Let us take one or two of Mr. Toynbee's propositions:

"The Communist technological revolution in Russia defeated the German invaders in the Second World War, as Peter's technological revolution had defeated the Swedish invaders in 1709 and the French invaders in 1812."

But, surely, it was Russian manpower and the Russian climate which, in spite of appalling technological inferiority, defeated these invasions. In the case of the invasion of June, 1941, this inferiority, it is true, was to some extent made good by huge and continuing supplies from the West—supplies of which Mr. Toynbee, like Soviet historians, takes no account.

"The truth is that the Western art of war has always been one facet of the Western way of life. Hence an alien society that tried to acquire the art without attempting to live the life was bound to fail to master the art."

This is a proposition which, at the time of Pearl Harbour, or of the fall of Singapore, would have seemed too self-evidently fallacious even for the B.B.C. If, now, it passes muster it can only be because, in this age of short memories, most people have already forgotten that Imperial Japan developed a devilish mastery of the Western art of war while maintaining a fanatical aloofness from, and a bitter hostility towards, the Western way of life.



"The prestige of the West in the world is still high enough to make the Western virus of Nationalism still infectious. It is to be hoped that, in the Islamic world at any rate, the spread of this Western political malady may be arrested by the strength of a traditional Islamic feeling for unity."

This may be "to be hoped" (that forlorn dirge of the Liberal Mind in its last decrepitude), but, to anyone who has attended the deliberations of the Arab League, or experienced the wild excesses of Indian Moslem nationalism both before, during and after the creation of the State of Pakistan, the hope will seem about as frail as Tolstoy's that, by virtue of his example, all mankind would in due course abandon the pursuit of power, lust and pleasure which had hitherto so engaged their attention.

"It was no accident that its [the Western form of Christianity's] fortunes in the mission field should have veered right round from conspicuous failures to sensational successes as soon as its attitude

towards its own ancestral religion had veered round from a warm devotion to a cool scepticism."

On this basis, St. Paul would have been a less successful missionary than the latest half-baked, scientifico-humanitarian, wind-on-the-heath-brother, let's-all-go-down-the-Strand, I-read-Freud-too, product of do-goodianity. As for, for instance, St. Francis Xavier—was it "cool scepticism" which sent him in his black cassock to the sunbaked shores of India, there to found huge churches, whose ruins at any rate have survived into these coldly sceptical days? With all respect to Mr. Toynbee, Chatham House, and to the enlightened and public-spirited minds in Portland Place which decide on Reith lecturers, I doubt it. I really do.

One other example of Mr. Toynbee's mental processes deserves special mention—his reference to Marxism as a "Christian heresy." To do Marx justice, he never disguised his utter abhorrence of the Christian religion, both in its institutional and philosophical aspects. His hopes for the future of mankind presupposed the destruction and total disappearance of the Christian Church and all its doctrines and works. He looked forward to the day when Christianity would be no more than a memory, like any other discredited faith, and, within the available possibilities, his followers have done their best to bring about this, from their point of view, blessed eventuality. If such an attitude can be described as a "Christian heresy" then they are Christian heretics. By the same token, vegetarianism may be described as a carnivorous heresy, slavery as a libertarian heresy, and lechery as a heresy of chastity.

Finally, lest it should be supposed that these jejune assertions are lucidly and elegantly presented, attention is invited to the following:

"When a travelling culture-ray is diffracted into its component strands—technology, religion, politics, art, and so on—by the resistance of a foreign body social upon which it has impinged, its technological strand is apt to penetrate faster and farther than its religious strand; and this law can be formulated in more general terms. We can say that the penetrative power of a strand of cultural radiation is usually in inverse ratio to this strand's cultural value."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Heads and Tails

Thomas Hughes: The Life of the Author of Tom Brown's Schooldays. Edward C. Mack and W. H. G. Armytage. *Benn, 30/-*

The sub-title of the book is chosen to identify Thomas Hughes to a generation that remembers the novelist and forgets the public servant who was a product of the education that the novel describes. Tom Brown without Tom Hughes is only the beginning of the story. Hughes was a cheerful ass, a hotheaded fighter against injustice who loved minorities and heretics. His Christian Socialism was a practical, down-to-earth creed, and though his pugnacity and ebullience hampered his effectiveness as an M.P., he played a key rôle in the development of the Co-operative Movement, Profit-Sharing and Trade Unionism, admirably described in this learned study. Disraeli's Trade Union Act owes a good deal to his expert agitation. He lived the ideal that is explicit in his novel. Real education does not produce athletes or scholars; it produces reformers.

The ideal is explicit enough, but the novel has been tamed, like *Gulliver's Travels*. Some of its earliest readers realized how subversive it was and there were loud protests. There was even a bowdlerized edition. Unfortunately it gradually acquired a patina; lumps rose in sunburned throats at the name of it; the fighting and trespassing and feasting were remembered, the hatred of conformity and bullying forgotten. Seen from the other side of *The Hill* it seemed gilded by the rising sun of the Public School spirit. What on earth would Hughes, the firebrand friend of Maurice and Kingsley and Applegarth, have thought of the system that his pre-Victorian Eden developed into?

The tradition that a headmaster, unlike the senior surgeon of a hospital or the male lead in a play, owes his status to his office and not to his accomplishments does not go back much beyond Arnold. There is no reason why a headmaster should not be criticized by the same criteria as the head of a museum or a laboratory

or a Ministry, no reason why he should not be elected by the experts over whom he rules, like the head of an Oxford or Cambridge College, no reason why the same standards of competence and courtesy should not be expected of him as of any other citizen. It is simply the tradition that he should be lofty, hedged with the trappings of sovereignty, given the power that corrupts without the liability to criticism that disinfects.

Local education committees and boards of governors rarely contain anybody who has actual experience of teaching. Hence, when they choose a headmaster they look for the kind of man who resembles their idea of what a headmaster should be like. It is hard to expect a grocer or engine-driver or retired brigadier or carpenter to judge a man's grasp of educational method or ability to understand the processes of human development. It is much easier to pick a man whose eyes bulge, whose lips are pursed and jaw firm, who looks as though he would get the work out of the staff. Does he look unapproachable? Will he make a fine figure standing up on the platform in his gown on Speech Day? Is he obviously a leader? The man who will impress the world without and repress the world within, the man who looks as Arnold is popularly supposed to have looked, is the man for them.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Weeping and the Laughter. J. Maclaren-Ross. *Hart-Davis, 12/6*

The first section of a most entertaining autobiography by the author of *The Stuff to Give the Troops* and *Of Love and Hunger*. It takes Mr. Maclaren-Ross as far as the age of eight. The bearded, dominating figure of his father, at once alarming and good-natured, captures the centre of the stage; and the reader would

like to know more than is revealed of this mysterious, eccentric personage, moving from seaside resort to seaside resort—Bournemouth, Ramsgate, Bognor—doing "translations" for the War Office.

The wealth of detail about family life is just how the world appears to a child. At times it would perhaps have been advantageous to have presented some of this detail through an adult eye. Some of the scenes are in France. There are excellent flashbacks of the early days of the cinema. In one of the latter the hero "revenged himself on a brutal Prussian officer, who had been responsible for his wife's death, by skinning and stuffing him, and hanging him on a hook behind the door . . ."

A. P.

The Book of Cricket Verse. Edited by Gerald Brodribb. *Hart-Davis, 10/6*

Mr. Brodribb has made a quite excellent job of this collection of cricket verse, the first, curiously enough, of its kind. The undertaking has been treated with admirable seriousness and the editor has supplied a learned commentary explaining his omissions, justifying his inclusions, and elaborating all sorts of technical and sociological points. There are poems dealing with every aspect of the game, historical, nostalgic, romantic, pictorial and frankly farcical. The poets range from Blake, Gray and Byron (who, it appears, lied shamelessly about his own score in the Eton v. Harrow match) to Sassoon, Blunden and Norman Nicholson.

Very little of interest has been missed, and for anyone addicted to light verse—whether entertained by cricket or not—there should be rewarding discoveries. The comic poems somewhat outweigh the serious in quality and in quantity, but perhaps the appearance of this book will stimulate professional poet-cricketers



to document their game more methodically. The set subject, in literature as in painting, is a good exercise, and if the M.C.C. were to follow the Football Association's example and award lucrative prizes for cricket poems, what might not the result be?

A. R.

The Joyful Condemned. Kylie Tennant. Macmillan, 12/6

Here is a bucketful from a pond of life—a dirty bucket, life swarming and squirming. On a web of narrative without beginning or ending spread thin over too many characters the writer has imposed a criticism, or perhaps it is only a description, of the machinery of a system of compulsory moral regeneration, in and out of which are chasing, yelling bands of man-hunting young women. Her background is a city of almost tropical exotic violence, Sydney in war-time, and her language ranges from outright brilliance of phrase to a shattering thieves' argot.

In her swirling pages gangsters, reformers, dope-smugglers, conscientious objectors, prophets, martyrs and fortune-tellers make love, pick pockets, escape from prison, do murder, rear love-birds, are good to little children, steal one another's boy-friends or bobby-pins, in one mass of humanity unified to a composite whole by very pressure of its straining life force. The picture is disconcerting and horrible with a glint of something better coming through.

C. C. P.

Captain Marryat: A Rediscovery. Oliver Warner. Constable, 20/-

Frederick Marryat occupies a unique position in the history of English fiction. Plenty of naval officers since his day have taken to the pen with greater or less success; but he was the first to do so. But that was not all. Marryat was, above everything, versatile. He was a daring and efficient officer of the school of Cochrane, under whom he served and whom he unstintingly admired; he wrote novels of sea life which in their special way have seldom been equalled; he produced stories for young people which are masterpieces of their kind; and he was also by turns editor, publisher, farmer and social reformer, bringing to all these varied activities that whole-hearted enthusiasm for the job in hand which is characteristic of the Senior Service.

Mr. Warner is to be congratulated upon having produced an admirable portrait from the limited means available of one of the most attractive personalities in the gallery of Victorian novelists, and a careful and sympathetic study of his work. It is, perhaps, open to question whether Marryat's reputation ever

suffered so complete an eclipse as Mr. Warner's sub-title suggests.

C. F. S.

The Thomas Cook Story. John Pudney. Michael Joseph, 15/-

Financial restrictions on foreign travel have not, so far, succeeded in doing away with the frenzied cries of *Ou est Cook's homme* which have for so long filled the Continental termini. Both Cook's and Baedeker still flourish, and the wise traveller, ignoring the up-turned nose of the travel-snob, will continue to avail himself of the services of the one and the information of the other.

The story of Thomas Cook is the favourite Victorian one of the poor boy who made good. Born in a cottage near Lord Melbourne's front gates, his earliest activity was that of a Baptist missionary who travelled 2,000 miles in one year—on foot. A wood-turner by profession and a teetotaler by conviction, the first of his many excursions was a temperance trip from Leicester to Loughborough in 1841. "Let Temperance and her sons rejoice," cried his ten-year-old son, while his father was editing *A Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement for Little Teetotalers*.

Mr. Pudney's book is a really fascinating account of the expansion of these teetotal outings to the immense business of to-day. The text is agreeably diversified by contemporary illustrations of Cook's major achievements, which included the conveyance of provisions to the starving Parisians of 1871, the organizing of the Gordon relief expedition to Khartoum, the entry of

the Kaiser into Jerusalem and a visit of King Edward VII to Vesuvius.

J. D. K. LL.

AT THE PLAY

Murder in the Cathedral (OLD VIC)
Red-Headed Blonde (VAUDEVILLE)
Stalag 17 (PRINCES)

THIS revival of *Murder in the Cathedral* is so effective as to suggest that here is one of the few plays written in the last thirty years which may survive at least for a generation. Mr. ELIOT himself has come to the conclusion that he made too much of the choral interludes and from the point of view of experiment reached a cul-de-sac, but against his later work it seems to me simpler and more dramatic. There are no awkward esoteric corners such as the intrusion of the Eumenides in "Family Reunion" or the Harley Street libation in "The Cocktail Party." Written before Mr. ELIOT had given in to his own ordinance that verse for the theatre should not be too noticeably verse, the language has a distinction which is often unashamedly poetic. One may grow a little weary of the wailing women's preoccupation with intestinal disorders, but one comes away feeling one has seen a fine play, that has something stirring to say and says it inspiringly.

As might be expected from Mr. ROBERT HELPMANN, the movements and grouping are superbly handled. He allows individual members of the



First Knight—MR. PAUL ROGERS

Archbishop Thomas Becket—MR. ROBERT DONAT

[*Murder in the Cathedral*]

chorus to speak some of their lines separately, a welcome break in the mass incantation, not only because the words can be caught; he also allows the four knights to make of their apology for Becket's murder a delightful burlesque of the muscled-bound, embarrassed Englishman. This is a startling piece of comedy, that comes off splendidly. Mr. ALAN BARLOW's cathedral sets quietly capture an atmosphere of ancient solidity, and his dresses are pleasing, apart from the knights' hats, which with the subtle perversity of hats somehow look faintly funny.

Good diction distinguishes the whole cast, but finally it is the *Becket* that matters, and for his welcome return to the stage Mr. ROBERT DONAT could not have chosen a more becoming part. His moving voice and presence and his unassuming nobility fit him for it almost perfectly. If he cannot always pull out the supreme stop which is occasionally needed, he speaks the verse so beautifully that one ceases to be critical.

Improbability doesn't matter in a farce if the author can keep us laughing. With *Red-Headed Blonde*—a far more respectable affair than might be supposed from this combustible title—Mr. VAL GUEST succeeds only intermittently. Having arrived at the promising idea of an American star, imported to play the lead in a British musical, turning out to have relied on doubles for her singing and dancing triumphs on the screen, he bogs himself down in a rambling intrigue by which the dogged girl scores a surprise personal triumph. Miss YOLANDE DONLAN, unmatched in the presentation of high grade dumbness, remains engaging though virtue clips her wings. Even so, there are several neat situations and some crisp lines, of which Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE and Mr. ANTHONY OLIVER take full advantage. And socially it is fascinating to learn that young vets live in luxury flats in Knightsbridge.

Stalag 17 is a crude piece of popular American theatre, written by Mr. DONALD BEVAN and Mr. EDMUND TRZCINSKI and competently acted by a large cast. It is described as a comedy-melodrama, which means that at their nadir the jokes are about cascara sagrada and fat men in combinations, and that its story of harassed P.O.W.s finds excitement in a conventional planting of a secret agent by the Germans. A simple entertainment and not a war play of any interest, its characterization goes no deeper than the surface, yet the result is a little better than it may sound. Slick production helps. Mr. GARRY DAVIS and Mr. HAROLD STONE are natural comedians, Mr. LEE PATTERSON can tie himself in

unfathomable knots of frustration, and Mr. PETER SWANWICK contrives not only to look like Himmler but to reproduce his sickly amiability.

Recommended

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess), still London's best play. *A Woman of No Importance* (Savoy), minor Wilde hand-polished. *Love From Judy* (Saville), a musical off the beaten track.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The War of the Worlds
Grand National Night

THE film called *The War of the Worlds* (Director: BYRON HASKIN) must be judged not as a version of Wells but as the latest example of "science fiction," and as such it is highly impressive. The early Wells stories are period pieces now, and might usefully be filmed as period pieces; this picture uses little more from the Wells book than the basic idea of the invasion of the earth by Martians, and adapts it to the present day.

The emphasis is, as usual, on California and Washington (the North American continent seems to be the main feature of Earth as seen through a Martian telescope), though we do get occasional reminders that the same sort of thing is happening in

this not because the story demands that the Martians should appreciate any such thing but because the Paramount front office thought the remark might have a helpful effect on the film's chances in England, among people wistfully remembering that the original story began near Woking Surrey.)

Like all the most effective of such things recently, the film grips and entertains less by its spectacular mechanical devices than by the verisimilitude and inventive skill of the incidents showing ordinary human reactions to them, their effect on everyday life. It's a matter of scale: we can be impressed by a lofty view of Martian war machines advancing with relentless gradualness at roof-top level like giant sting-rays, each waving an enormous jointed metal cobra that shoots out instantaneous white-hot destruction; but what really touches the springs of interest is the cheerful optimism of a man who approaches one of them with a white flag, moved by the hope of getting his picture in the paper as the first human being to see what is inside.

The attempt to work up any real depth of human character or emotion is unsuccessful; that sort of thing simply doesn't go with this sort of thing. But the momentary superficial glimpses of people and circumstances struck by stupendous events are admirably done, and so is the



[The War of the Worlds

Global Warfare

various outlandish foreign parts. London appears sometimes in a parenthesis, and at one point Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE, whose commentary links the episodes as if the whole thing were an historical documentary, observes sternly "It was plain that the Martians appreciated the strategic significance of the British Isles." (I suspect that he says

sheer spectacle. The power of the film is in places quite hypnotic.

Grand National Night (Director: BOB MCNAUGHT) was for me a very pleasant surprise. I knew it had been a play, which I never saw, though I had a rough idea of the story; what I expected was a reasonably entertaining photograph of the play, not

otherwise distinguished. But the film comes over as a remarkably good, quite absorbing suspense story, showing, it is true, clear signs of its stage origin, but a perfectly good film nevertheless.

MOIRA LISTER, who appears—for a time—as an obvious candidate for murder (nasty to horses, for one thing), contrives some unexpected moments of pathos and humanity, and the piece develops into a duel between the husband who thinks he has killed her (NIGEL PATRICK) and the police-inspector (MICHAEL HORDERN) who with mounting relish is building up the case against him. There is a decorative frieze of small parts and “brittle” conversation, all amusingly done, and the direction and writing (no screenwriter is named) show at many points noticeable crispness and economy. For a photographed play this is unusually good.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London I think the most enjoyable thing is RENÉ CLAIR's light-hearted fantasy *Les Belles de Nuit* (8/4/53). The strange, stimulating little opera *The Medium* continues, and also *Le Plaisir* (18/2/53) and the dazzling *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53).

The only new release mentioned here is *Street Corner* (25/3/53), a not very inspiring story about police-women. *The Bad and the Beautiful*, hokum about Hollywood, is well done and immensely more entertaining.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET

Ballets Jooss (SADLER'S WELLS)

Political satire is Mr. KURT JOOSS's long suit. His celebrated *Green Table* swept the board more than twenty years ago when it won for him the first prize at the first

From Punch, April 16, 1853

Watts's Income Tax Logic.

WHEN Bishops, who in wealth abound,
Return their incomes wrong,
And pocket several thousand pound
To them that don't belong,
Oh how can Government expect
A struggling chap like me
Should put his earnings down correct,
To fill up Schedule D?

International Choreographic Congress. Now it is to be seen again in London after an interval of several years and it is still the company's *pièce de résistance*—a withering commentary by a powerful artist on the brutality of war and the futility of international table-talk, whether the table be round or, as in this ballet, narrowly rectangular. *The Green Table* has carried Mr. Jooss round the world from Essen and back again: it is still the main attraction of his programme beside which his other inventions have an air of being experimental and ephemeral.

Herein is subject-matter for satire could Mr. Jooss but turn it to choreographic account, for the theme of *The Green Table* is, alas! as topical to-day as it was in 1932; and has so remained through two decades. One may, however, question whether what was tolerable in pre-Belsen days should be offered to English audiences with such Teutonic thoroughness to-day. *The Gentlemen in Black* advancing and receding and posturing at the conference table remain Mr. Jooss's most original and significant achievement as a choreographer, but the ironic treatment of death and bereavement in the rest of the ballet has to-day a changed flavour.

Another of Mr. Jooss's original productions still in the bill is *The Big City*, a sort of cautionary tale of life on the Continent in which a pretty working girl is lured from her

sweetheart by a *Libertine*. These early works are dance-drama rather than what most people understand as ballet. They derive from the mid-European school of expressionism of the 'twenties. It is a mistake to look for anything ethereal in them. It is of the essence of their richness that they are of the earth earthy.

In later works new to London the style of dancing emulates the classical ballet without attempting its techniques, such for instance, as bidding the ladies to rise on their *points*. On the other hand there is a freedom of natural movement outside balletic convention.

The Song of Youth, to music by HANDEL, falls short of its promised character of *dithyrambus*, for it is athletic and sinewy, with a romantic intention, rather than Dionysian or Bacchic—in fact its charm is innocence.

In *Colombinade*, the music of which is attributed to JOHANN STRAUSS and ALEIDA MONTIJA, characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte* become darkly involved with what I must call Victorian types. To what end is not apparent, except that the *grotesquerie* which pervades all Mr. Jooss's choreography is served thereby.

Individual dancers have no great prominence, but among those who stand out are Mr. ROLF ALEXANDER as *Death* in *The Green Table*, and Mr. ALFONSO UNANUE as the *Libertine* and other “character” rôles. The Misses BEATRIS VITRINGA and ULLA SOEDERBAUM also do well, and it is hard lines that they should be denied the advantage of pretty dresses.

Music, supplied by two pianists, Messrs. WOLF RINKER and BILL BLEZARD, sounded, through no lack of zeal on their part, rather thin for the accompaniment of rapid movement by a stage full of solid bodies.

C. B. MORTLOCK

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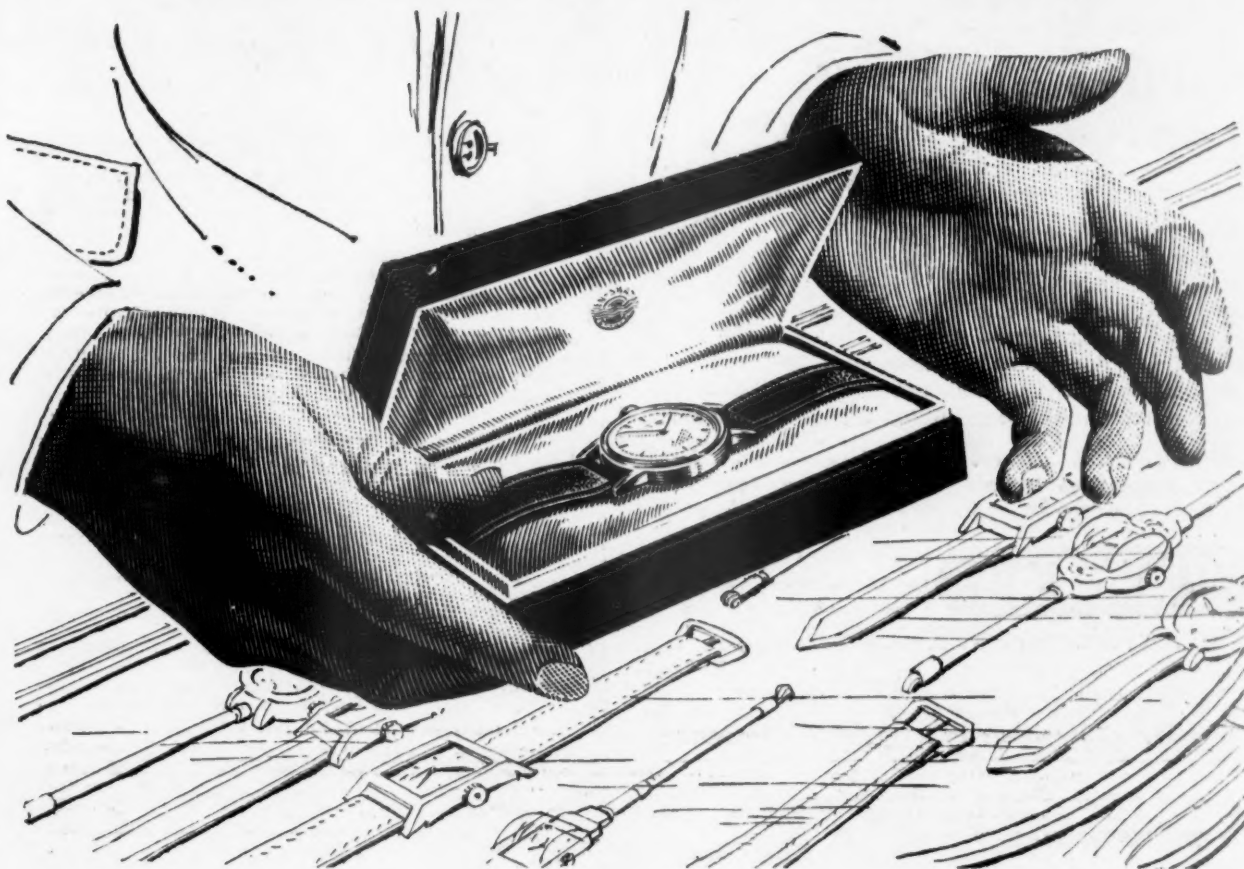
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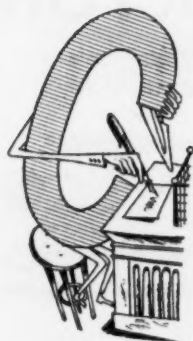


ARTHUR wasn't very well up in money matters. He thought a current account was something to do with electricity bills. And, of course, he was right in a way.

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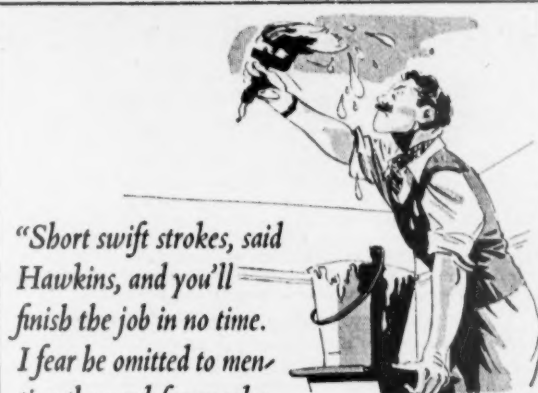
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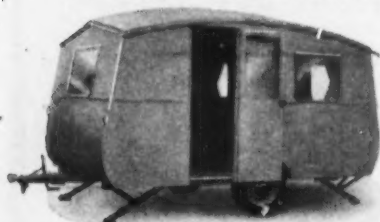


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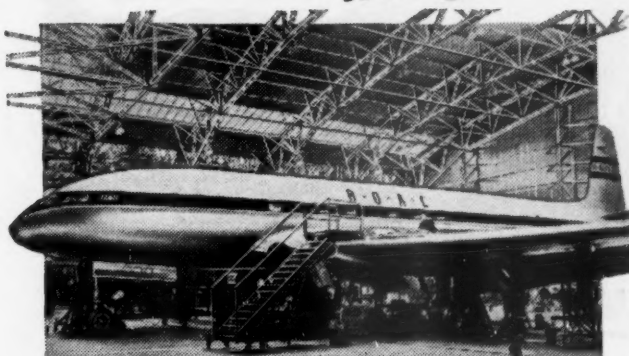
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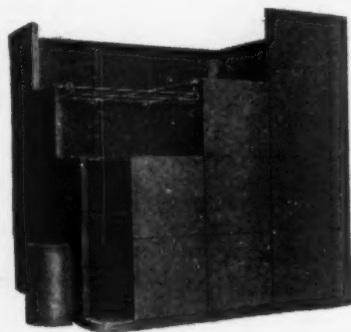
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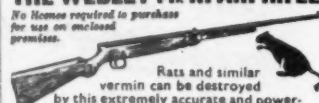
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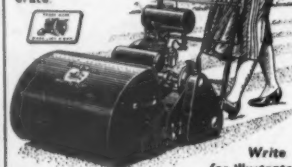
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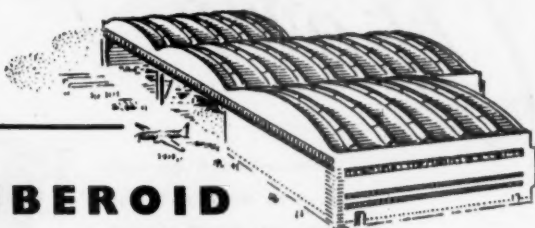
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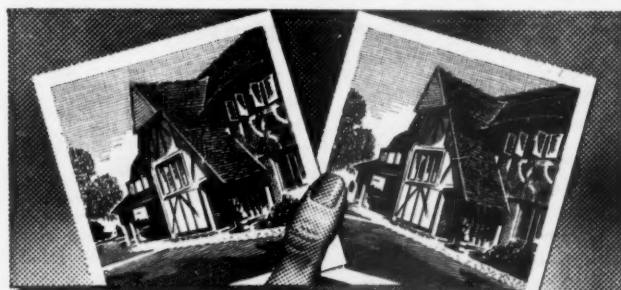
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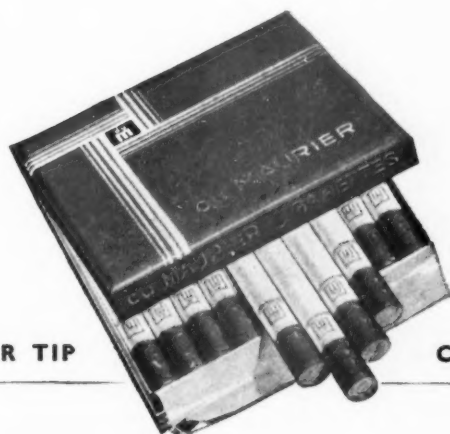
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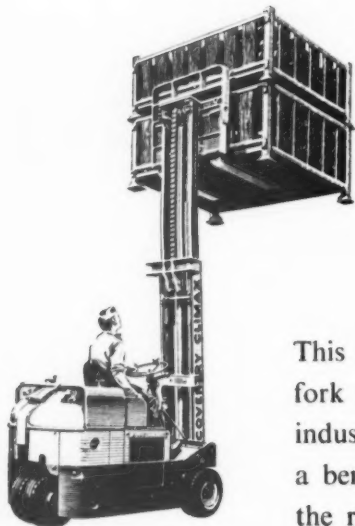


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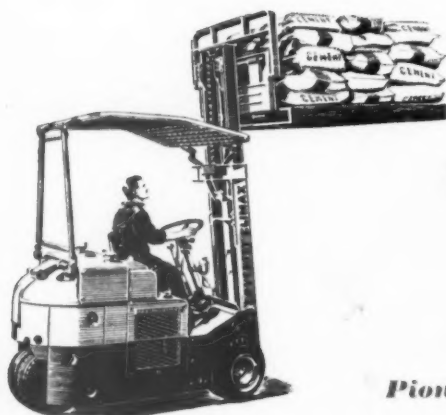
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